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## NEW YORK.

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| Alte Leipziger Strausse, 12, . . BERLIN. | Great Alfred Street, . . NOTTINGHAM. |
| Rue de la Bourse, 8 and 10, . . LYON. | Well Street, 22, . . . . . BRADFORD. |
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## WHOLESALE,

Broadway, Chambers, and Reade Streets.

## RETAIL,

Broadway, 4th Avenue, 9th and 10th Sts.

THE GREAT LOFODEN (NORWEGIAN) COD-FISHERIES.

THE *Lofoden Islands* constitute a rocky chain, stretching along the northwest coast of Norway, and divided from it by an arm of the sea called the *Vestfjord*, which, at its southern extremity, is nearly a hundred miles wide, but narrows in advancing northward until, at its most northern extremity, it terminates in a strait hardly two miles across. The islands and islets of which this chain is composed are separated from one another by narrow channels, through which the sea rushes during the tides with the rapidity of a torrent. In some parts it forms very deep and extensive eddies, among which is the celebrated whirlpool called the *Maelstrom*. All the islands are rocky, with high and precipitous shores: those, however, which lie farthest to the westward, rise only to a moderate elevation. Throughout its entire length, the rugged chain serves as a wind-guard and natural breakwater, effectually shielding the coast from the terrific storms which rage during the greater part of winter in those high latitudes. Such is a brief description of the great Lofoden fishing-grounds—the localities to which the codfish, impelled by the instinct of propagation, annually repair from the deep sea.

No sooner have the immense shoals of cod begun to arrive in the Lofoden waters, than a most singular result is found to ensue: all other kinds of fish, without exception, disappear simultaneously. The exact cause of this remarkable phenomenon, we are unable to assign; but such is literally the fact—even the herrings used by the fishermen as bait having to be imported from a distance. Two circumstances of obvious import attend this strange coincidence: one, that the impregnated roe, safe from the rapacity of voracious enemies, has a favorable opportunity of development, whereby a large supply of this valuable fish is maintained; the second, that no other fish than cod can possibly be taken, and consequently *no other livers can be mixed with those of the cod in the preparation of cod-liver oil.*

In order to obtain cod-liver oil in its perfection, Mr. Möller has his factories on these shores. He thus obtains the livers fresh, and extracts the oil by mincing them and subjecting them to a gentle heat, instead of waiting for partial decomposition to facilitate the operation of separating it. Consequently his oil does not need the refining process that Newfoundland oil passes through before it is offered to the public. He bottles oil of his own manufacture, and therefore *knows* that it is pure and sweet. Thus he insures an oil of the greatest purity and medicinal virtue, and of the least unpleasant taste and smell.

The total number of men who visit the Lofoden Islands during the fishing-season is estimated at 25,000, that of boats at upward of 5,000. The quantities of cod are prodigious, their numbers beyond computation.

In the beginning of February they arrive in immense shoals (*Fiskebjerg*, "mountains of fish"), in layers one above the other, and several yards in thickness. The fact of their presence is easily ascertained by means of a sounding-line, and the shoals are frequently so dense that it is found impossible to sink the lead through them.

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Map of the
CITY OF NEW YORK
D. Appleton & Co.
549 & 551 Broadway
NEW YORK.
JERSEY CITY
HOBOKEN
HUDSON RIVER
EAST RIVER
NEW YORK BAY
BROOKLYN
WILLIAMSBURGH
GREEN POINT
HUNTERS POINT
LONG ISLAND CITY
BLACKWELLS ISLAND
Long Island and Flushing Rail Roads
Bloomingdale Square
Madison Square
Union Square
Stuyvesant Square
Tompkins Square
Washington Square
Castle Garden
The Battery
Fulton Ferry
Catharine Ferry
Wall St. Ferry
Hamilton Ferry
Christopher St. Ferry
Desbrosses St. Ferry
Barclay St. Ferry
Thirty Fourth St. Ferry
Hunters Point Ferry
Grand St. Ferry
Peoples Line Steamboats
Broadway
Fifth Avenue
Sixth Avenue
Seventh Avenue
Eighth Avenue
Ninth Avenue
Tenth Avenue
Eleventh Avenue
First Avenue
Second Avenue
Third Avenue
Fourth Avenue
Avenue A
Avenue B
Avenue C
Avenue D
1/4 MILE
1/2 MILE
3/4 MILE
ONE MILE

917.471
N4891
1874

# NEW YORK ILLUSTRATED.

New York from Brooklyn.

## *THE ISLAND CITY.*

WHAT Boswell said of London is scarcely less true of New York. Its aspects are manifold, and, while each man finds in it the Mecca of his pursuits, it comprehends not one class alone, but the whole of human life in all its variety. The island upon which the city is built is about thirteen and a half miles in length, one mile and three-fifths broad, on an average, and is bounded about eight miles from its southern extremity by the Harlem River, which, with Spuyten Duyvel Creek, connects the Hudson River and the Long-Island Sound. It is surrounded by water, navigable for the most part to the largest vessels, and its harbor is one of the safest, largest, and most beautiful, in the world.

Less than three centuries have passed since Henry Hudson, the Dutch navigator, passed through the Narrows and disembarked from his little schooner on the present site of the Battery. The island was then rough in surface, patched with swamp, forest, and rock, and was inhabited only by a tribe of Indians, known as the Manahatta, whence the name of Manhattan, by which the island is often designated.

Traders followed Hudson, and in 1614 the future metropolis of the New World consisted of a small fort on the site of Bowling Green, and four houses. It was then called "Nieu Amsterdam," and the domain acquired was named the New Netherlands. In 1664, however, Charles II. of England, having assumed the Dutch occupancy in North America to be a usurpation, gave the territory to his brother James, Duke of York, and the name of New Amsterdam was changed to New York.

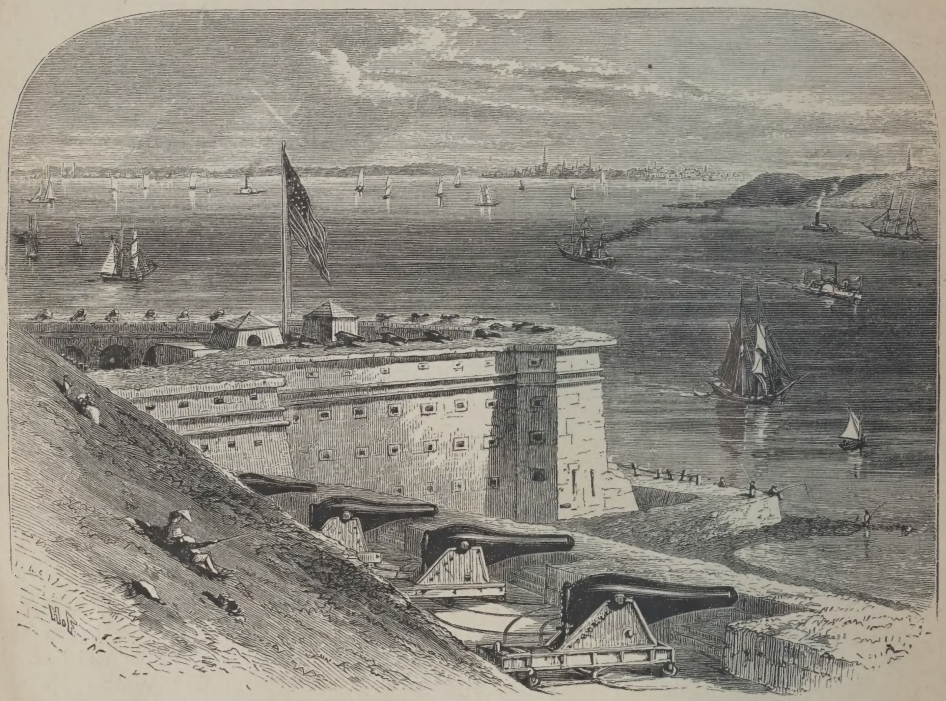
In 1799 the population had increased to about 6,000, and the outer walls or palisades extended from the East River, across Broadway, along the present line of Wall Street. To-day the city, which is identical with the county, contains 1,021,000 residents. Until the latter part of 1873, it ended at the Harlem River, but, in the

November elections of that year, the towns of West Farms, Morrisania, and Kingsbridge, hitherto a part of Westchester County, were annexed to the advancing metropolis.

The rugged features have long since disappeared from the heart of the city, and little is left to tell of the original character of the island except the picturesque surroundings of Central Park and Washington Heights. The latter are 238 feet above tide-water.

## NEW YORK HARBOR.

The harbor, as we have said, is one of the most beautiful in the world, especially when viewed from some prominent point on Staten Island, where a vast field of observation may be enjoyed. The outer bar is at Sandy Hook, eighteen miles from the Battery, and is crossed by two ship-channels, from twenty-one to thirty-two feet deep at low tide, and from twenty-seven to thirty-nine feet deep at high tide, thus admitting vessels of the heaviest draught.



New York from Fort Richmond.

The Narrows may be likened to a gate-way from the ocean, while, standing like huge sentinels to guard the pass, are Forts Richmond and Tompkins on the verge of the Staten-Island shore, and Fort Hamilton on the Long-Island side. The latter is supplied with an armament of Rodman guns, which throw balls weighing a thousand pounds each. Fort Lafayette is also close at hand—famous as a military prison. These fortifications are erected on or near the sites of similar works used during the Revolution.

It is not until we are fairly within the bay, however, and sailing toward the city, that the picture becomes panoramic and complete. Before us then is a map, every item of which is eloquent with busy life. We are in the heart, as it were, of a fleet of stately ships and steamers, ploughing a surface that has been cut by the keels of the civilized world. In the foreground there are patches of green that, in the summer sun, shine and sparkle like great emeralds in a silver setting—Bedloe's, Ellis's, and Governor's Islands, whereon are defensive fortifications. As we sweep by these points, the scene becomes even more animated than before. In front looms the great metropolis, with its miles of roofs, and broken outline of spires, towers, and domes, telling of religion, art, and trade; while on either side, as far as the eye can reach, the water-line is fringed with a forest of masts, from

which fly the vari-colored flags that represent the commerce of the globe. On the left we see Jersey City, one of the populous wings of New York, and catch glimpses of the Palisades and of the lovely villas and towns that line the banks of the Hudson; and on the right, scanning the East River, the attention is divided between Brooklyn, "the City of Churches," and the wonderful vitality that throbs on the bosom of the water. From morning until night, and from night until morning again, scores of ferry-boats fairly illustrate the idea of perpetual motion, for they are never at rest, and divide the honors of the busy place with a throng of larger and smaller craft, making their way to and from a thousand points of destination. Let us land, however, and commence minuter observations of interesting localities in New York from

## *THE BATTERY.*

This spot, an ample park, is identified with the history of the city from the earliest colonial times. Here were planted the tents of the settlers, and the first fortifications were erected for the defense of the Dutch colonists. Here were enacted many of the stirring scenes that preceded the American Revolution, in which the Sons of Liberty—among whom were Alexander Hamilton and the ancestors of not a few of the present "Old Knickerbockers"—played an important part. And here, when hostilities were about to close, the evacuation of the city by the British troops took place. Washington and the principal generals of the Revolution were then more familiar with the spot than even the boys of the present generation.

In later years the Battery became a fashionable park, and the wealthy citizens sought the neighborhood, not only as a place of residence, but for the enjoyment afforded by a promenade among its beautiful shade-trees. It filled a space of seven acres, and was surrounded by a neat iron fence, having gates at the principal streets. Along the sea-wall was a flagging twenty feet wide, and on a summer afternoon thousands flocked thither to drink in the cool breezes of the ocean. In fact, forty years ago, the population of two hundred and thirty thousand appeared to appreciate their Battery more than do the million of to-day the grander and more ambitious Central

Battery and Castle Garden.

Park. An old fort built upon its sea-border, now known under the familiar name of "Castle Garden," is the great entrepot for immigrants. After its abandonment as a fort it was converted into a summer-garden, whence its name; and upon its ramparts the worthy citizens were prone to indulge, on summer afternoons, in the costly luxuries of ices and soda-water. Distinguished guests of the corporation were frequently received at this point. In 1824 a great ball was given here to the Marquis Lafayette—an event the old folks still love to talk about. In 1832, General Jackson, and in 1843, President John Tyler, were also publicly received at Castle Garden. Subsequently it became a concert-hall, and is noted as the place where Jenny Lind made her first appearance in America. Its walls have echoed to the notes of many famous singers.

Castle Garden's musical epoch was its closing glory. The tide of upper-tendom began its flow upward, and for several years past the place has been an immigrant depot where thousands who seek their fortunes in the New World are received from the ships and sent to various destinations. For a time the locality presented a squalid appearance, being a receptacle for rubbish; but in 1870–'71 the Battery was entirely renovated, and again has become an attractive resort for the denizens of the lower portion of the city. On a summer evening its cleanly walks of asphalt are crowded with promenaders, and the water around the granite pier is dotted with the row-boats of pleasure-seekers. The lines of gas-lamps seen through the trees, the colored steering-lights of the boats on the river, and the distant glimmer of the light-houses in the bay, compose an exceedingly picturesque sight that will fully repay a stroll down-town.

Whitehall Street.

Adjoining the Battery is Whitehall, famous as the landing-place of the British in Revolutionary times, and a fashionable thoroughfare. Now, it is the termini of a dozen or more lines of stages and cars that visit almost every portion of the island. The Staten-Island, South, and Hamilton-Ferry houses, are also located here. The Corn Exchange, at the upper end of Whitehall, is a noble brick structure that will amply repay inspection.

Bowling Green in the time of the Dutch was the court end of the town, and all of its surroundings are, even now (1874), suggestive of the past. No. 1 Broadway, known as the "Old Kennedy House," was built in 1760, and has been occupied as the residence and headquarters of Lords Cornwallis and Howe, Sir Henry Clinton, and General Washington. Benedict Arnold occupied No. 5 Broadway, and there his treasonable projects were concocted. At No. 11, General Gates had his headquarters, and in 1763 it was the site of the fashionable Dutch tavern of Burgomaster Martin Cruger.

Southeast of the Green, now the site of a row of brick houses, in 1635, stood Fort Amsterdam, which was capacious enough to contain the governor's residence, a church, and a garrison of three hundred soldiers.

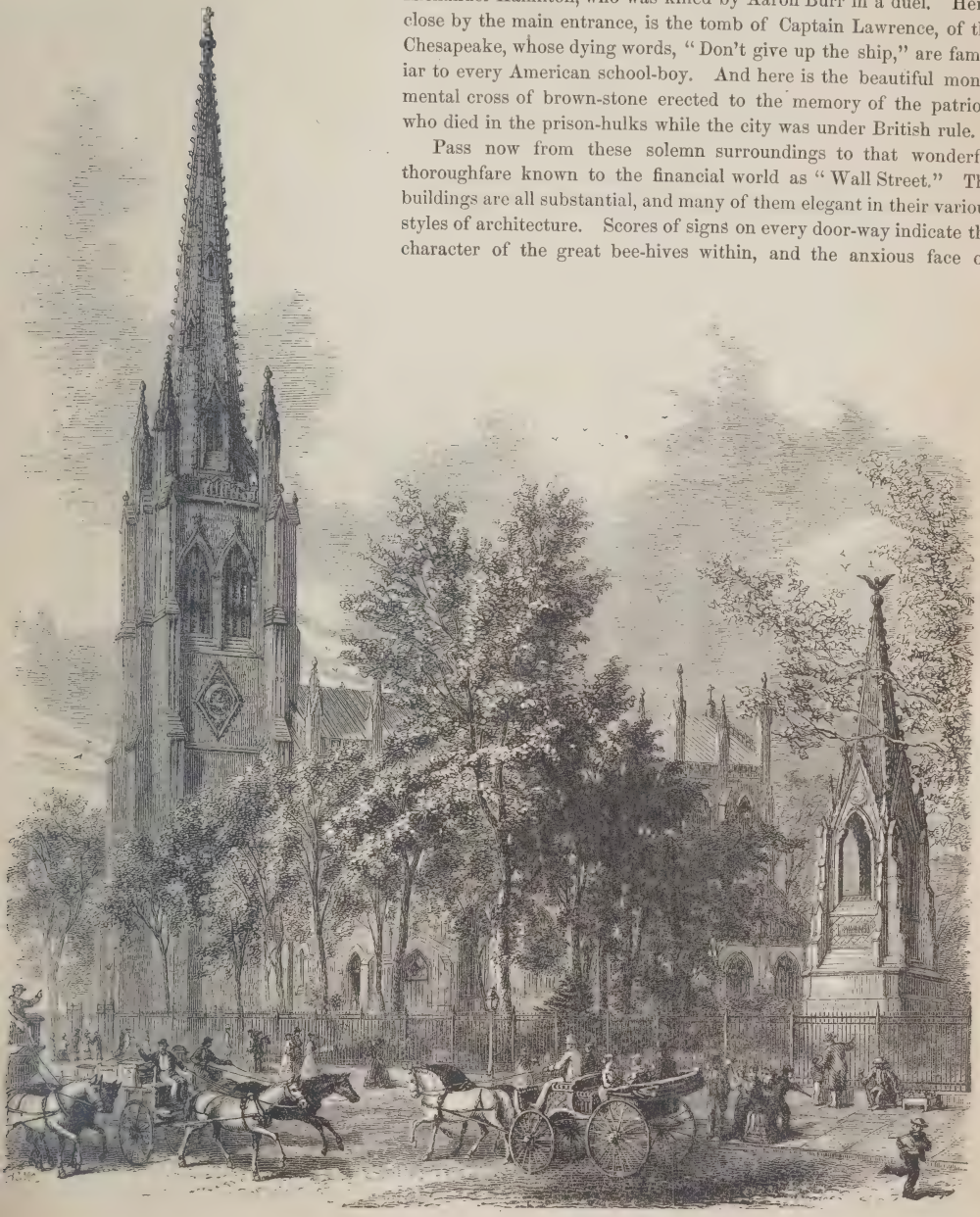
In 1770, an equestrian statue of King George III. was erected in Bowling Green, and the present iron railing was placed around it for protection. It was destroyed by the people on the evening when the Declaration of Independence was read to the troops in New York, and subsequently melted by the family of Governor Wolcott, of Connecticut. According to his statement, it furnished material for forty-two thousand bullets. The pedestal, as late as 1855, was serving as a doorstep to the mansion of the Van Voorst family in Jersey City. The iron balls which once ornamented the top of the railing were knocked off to give the British fleet a welcome from the cannon's throat.

Passing up Broadway, we quickly reach the limits of the old town—Wall Street. In front of this thoroughfare stands Trinity Church, one of the most cathedral-like and elegant structures in America. It is of solid brown-stone from foundation to spire, except the roof; and the view from the steeple is the finest in New York. Queen Anne granted to the corporation, in 1705, the land extending along the west side of Broadway to Christopher Street, known as "the Queen's Farm," and the church corporation is consequently to-day the wealthiest on

the continent. The first building, erected at the close of the seventeenth century, was small and square. This was destroyed in the great fire of 1776, which consumed four hundred and ninety-three houses, but it was rebuilt in 1788. On the 21st of May, 1846, the present edifice was consecrated to Christian worship, and hundreds of the "solid men" of New York are numbered among its communicants. The music by its choir and the chime of its bells are not surpassed in America.

No person should visit the church without inspecting its venerable graveyard; for here are to be seen, in the time-worn, moss-covered stones, with their ancient inscriptions—some of them quaint and curious—the connecting links between the living and the dead. Here reposes the body of Alexander Hamilton, who was killed by Aaron Burr in a duel. Here, close by the main entrance, is the tomb of Captain Lawrence, of the Chesapeake, whose dying words, "Don't give up the ship," are familiar to every American school-boy. And here is the beautiful monumental cross of brown-stone erected to the memory of the patriots who died in the prison-hulks while the city was under British rule.

Pass now from these solemn surroundings to that wonderful thoroughfare known to the financial world as "Wall Street." The buildings are all substantial, and many of them elegant in their various styles of architecture. Scores of signs on every door-way indicate the character of the great bee-hives within, and the anxious face of



Trinity Church and Martyrs' Monument.

almost every man who hurries by tells of the intensity of the mad race for wealth. The fortunes that have been made and lost, sometimes in a day, the homes that have been ruined, and the hearts broken, in and around this locality, are a part of the romance and reality of business-life that never can be written. On any day, at high-noon, you may enter the Gold-Room or the Stock-Exchange, and, from the gallery set apart for visitors, look down upon a scene of confusion that probably has no rival in the world—a scene in which the startling attitudes and yells of hundreds of the best-dressed men of New York, as they snap their fingers in each others' eyes, and crowd and push and dance in their eagerness to effect a trade, can only be compared to the wild vagaries of lunatics, and make even Bedlam seem dignified in the contrast. Meanwhile in a thousand neighboring offices, and in a thousand parlors and restaurants, miles distant, the "tick, tick, tick" of the little telegraphic instrument records, at the instant, every fractional change in the prices of stocks, bonds, or specie, that has occurred in the tumult of the place. And so, Wall Street feels the pulse of the world, and is itself stirred to the very core.

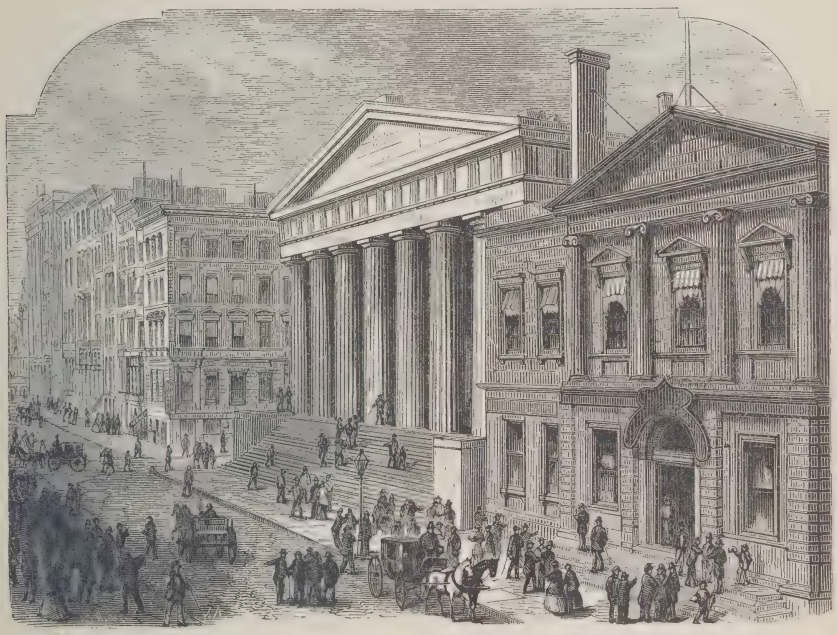
At the corner of Wall and Broad Streets we find the Drexel Building, occupied by Drexel, Morgan & Co., the bankers, and the Leather Manufacturers' National Bank. It is six stories high, built out of white marble, in the Renaissance style. Within the walls it is two hundred and two by seventy-five feet. Its erection cost seven hun-

Drexel Building, corner of Broad and Wall Streets.

dred thousand dollars. On the opposite side of Wall Street may be seen the spacious establishment of Henry Clews & Co., one of the largest private banking institutions in the Union. The fine building which lifts its columnar front of marble on the corner of Wall and Nassau Streets is now known as the United States Treasury and Assay-Office. It stands on the site of the old Congress or Town Hall of the Revolution, erected in the beginning of the last century, and memorable in history as the place where Washington was inaugurated the first President of the United States, in April, 1789. The present structure was erected for the Custom-House of the port of New

York, and was used as such for many years. The building—one of the handsomest in the city—is two hundred and eighty feet long, eighty feet wide, and eighty feet high. The main entrance is on Wall Street, and is made by an imposing flight of eighteen broad marble steps. The lookout from these embraces Broad Street, which may be not inaptly termed the Mecca of brokers, for on either side, as far as the eye can reach, are the elegant offices of the thousands who "live, move, and have their being" in this atmosphere of speculation, and manipulate much of the stocks, bonds, and money of the country.

Beyond the hives of the money-makers in Broad Street there are some ancient houses, as full of reminiscences as those in Bowling Green. At the corner of Broad and Pearl Streets stands the famous De Lancey House, which was built at the beginning of the last century by Stephen De Lancey, a Huguenot refugee from Normandy. After its days as a residence were past, it became a business-house, and subsequently it was famous as a tavern. It was a favorite rendezvous for the clubs of these days, and here the most noted politicians met, including the Living-



Treasury Building and Wall Street, looking west.

stons, John Jay, Stephen De Lancey, John Morin Scott, William Duane, and Gouverneur Morris. On the evening of November 25, 1783, the evacuation of the city by the British troops was celebrated in the De Lancey House, then known as the City Tavern, by General Washington and his staff, and Governor Clinton. A few days afterward the same company were present at a banquet which they gave in honor of the Chevalier de Luzerne, the French ambassador, who had represented his country in America for several years; and on the 4th of December, in the same place, Washington bade his officers an affectionate adieu, before departing to Annapolis to resign his commission. The landlord, Samuel Fraunces, and his daughter, were much esteemed by Washington, and the woman once saved the commander's life, by the timely discovery of a plot to poison him. In the mutation of passing years the De Lancey House has degenerated sadly, and it is now a German tenement-house, with a lager-bier saloon in the lower story.

Returning to the Treasury and looking northward, we have a view of Nassau Street—a wonderfully busy thoroughfare. In the foreground are several of the great temples of finance (*see* page 11), such as those of Duncan & Sherman; Fisk & Hatch; George Opdyke & Co.; the Bank of Commerce, and others. The office of the *Evening Post*, of which the venerable poet, William Cullen Bryant, is the chief proprietor, may also be seen. On the right, two squares distant, is the city Post-Office, its quaint old steeple mouldy with age, yet marking, with monumental fidelity, the history of the past. In early times it was known as the Middle Dutch Church, and during the Revolution was used as a riding-school for the British cavalry, and a military prison wherein hundreds

De Lancey House, Broad Street.

of American captives were huddled and died. Its uses as a Post-Office are about to terminate, as in a few months the new structure in the Park will be ready for occupancy.

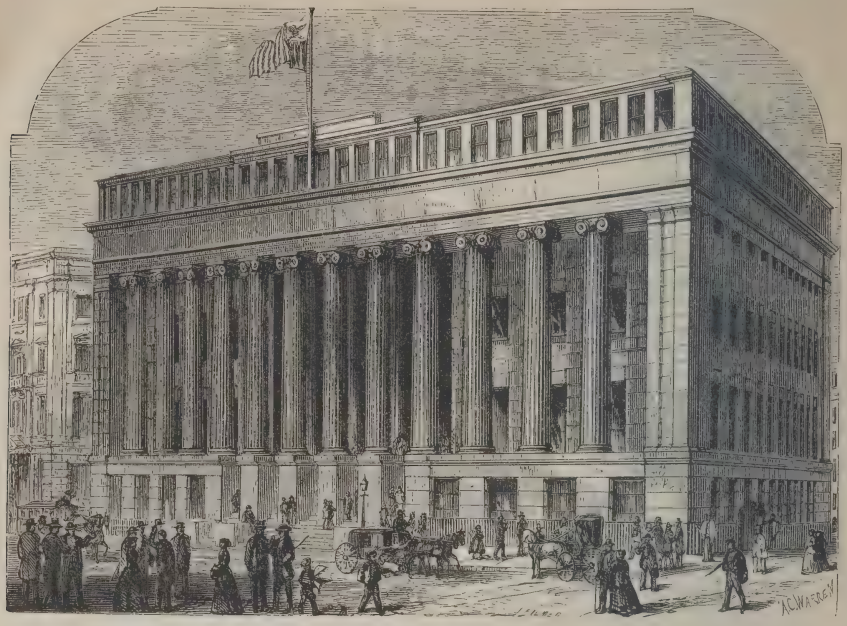
A walk down Wall Street will well repay the visitor, for he will see not a few of the grandest banking institutions in America, and a display of elegant architecture such as is not presented in the same compass elsewhere on this continent. Chief among these is the handsome structure known as the Bank of New York ; and opposite, the once famous Merchants' Exchange, now the Custom-House. The latter deserves more than passing notice. It occupies a large but irregular square, and scarcely any thing but stone and iron is employed in its construction. The building is a model of solidity and graceful proportions, and its massive granite columns and portico never fail to arrest the attention of the stranger. It has a frontage of one hundred and forty-four feet, a depth of two hundred feet, and the height to the central dome is one hundred and twenty-four feet. The base of this dome is supported within the rotunda by eight lofty columns of Italian marble, the capitals of which were carved in Italy. The architect was Mr. Isaiah Rogers, and the total cost one million eight hundred thousand dollars. (*See* p. 10.)

A little farther down Wall, we shall cross Pearl Street, said to have been in the olden time a cow-path, and certainly one of the crookedest streets in New York. This is the locality of cotton-brokers, the Cotton Exchange, and wholesale houses in various merchandise. At the foot of Wall Street is one of the ferries which connect New York with Brooklyn.

Returning now to Broadway, we will resume our journey up-town, and briefly notice the main points of interest *en route*. At the corner of Dey Street and Broadway, the Western Union Telegraph Company have erected a

Nassau Street, north from Wall Street.

really noble building for their offices. It is eight stories high, and is built of pressed red brick, granite, and marble. Above the roof, which is higher than its neighbors, there is a clock-tower, and from nearly every window threads of fine wire issue, connecting every important centre of population, festooning every great post-road, marking the black track of every railway, and, in fact, literally blending town, city, country, ocean, and river. Could we see the inside of the operating-room, our pulses would beat a stroke faster in sympathy with the activity of its denizens. "A hundred keys and sounders," a writer has said, "are clicking at once, making a noise like a diminutive cotton-mill. The floor is filled with ranges of tables, at which the operators are seated, separated from each other by glass screens. Against one wall is the switch-board, the most conspicuous object in the room. Without any actual resemblance, it recalls to the imaginations of many of the visitors the thought of a great organ, its ranges of slender wires behind the screen suggesting the trackers and pipes, and the innumerable switches representing the keys and stops. Boys are passing to and fro with papers, and messages are being sent and received from almost every table in the room. The switch-board is the central ganglion of the whole system. Every current passes through this apparatus. The manager, standing here, can, by inserting a brass wedge in the course of any current, hear what message is passing. He has thus the means of inspecting and listening to all that is going on over all the wires connected with the office." An idea may be formed of the immense business done by the Western Union Telegraph Company from the fact that their profits for the past eight years have been over five million dollars. (*See* illustration, page 11.)



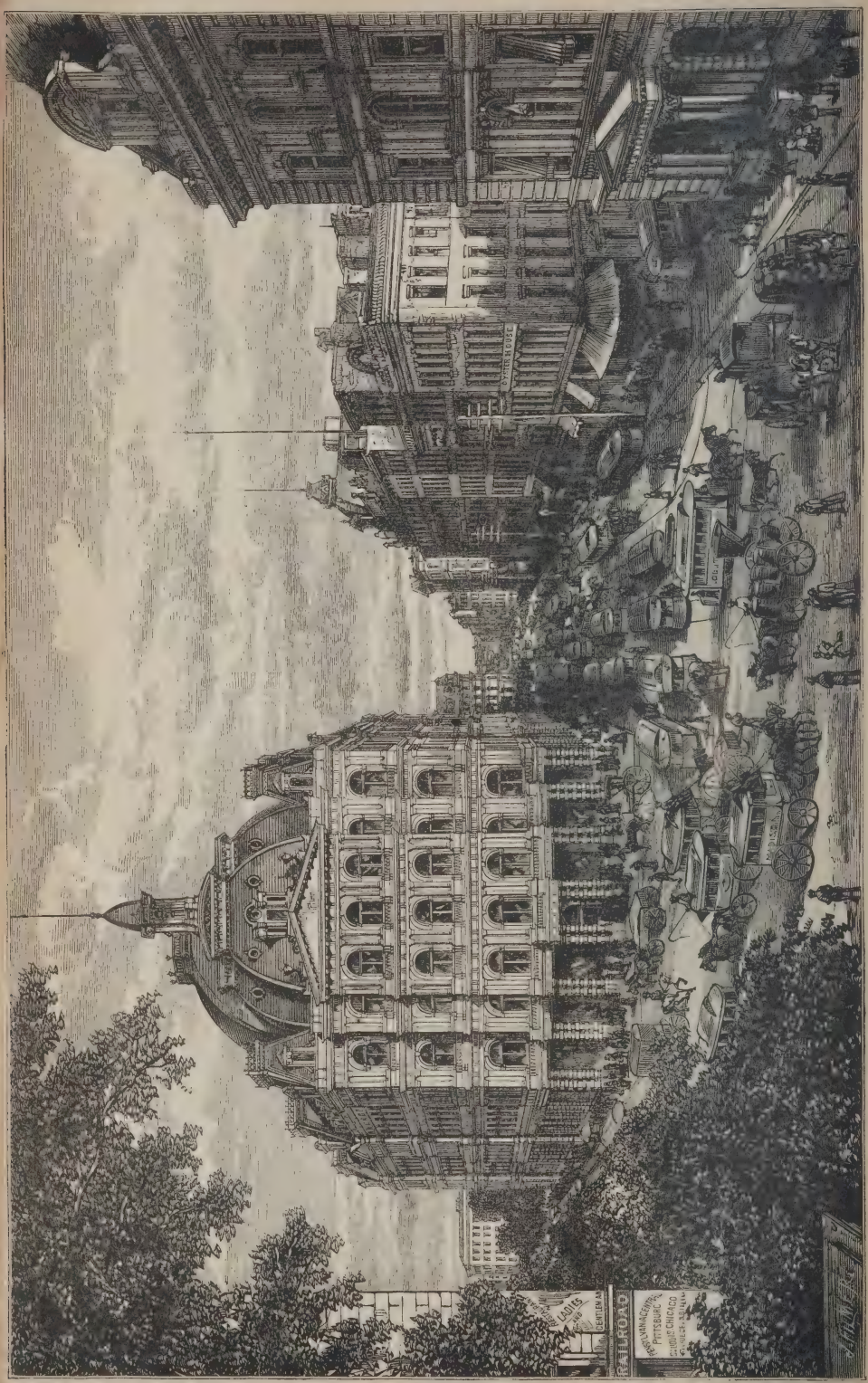
Custom House.

A little distance from their new building is the familiar Astor House, from the portico of which we have one of the most animated scenes in the city. From morning until night there is moving by an ever-changing proces-

Bank of New York, corner of Wall and William Streets.

sion of vehicles that have poured into the great artery from a thousand tributaries, and to cross Broadway one must needs be a sort of animated billiard-ball, with power to "carom" from wheel to wheel, until he can safely "pocket" his personal corporosity on the opposite walk. Looking to the right, St. Paul's will be seen on the corner of Vesey Street, the adjoining graveyard containing tombstones and inscriptions nearly as ancient as those of Old Trinity; while directly opposite stands the well-known *New York Herald* Building. This is erected on the site of Barnum's Museum, which was destroyed by fire in the summer of 1865, and is one of the most prominent edifices of the metropolis. And midway between Broadway and Park Row we see the new Post-Office and United States Court Building, which will probably be completed by the time this edition of NEW YORK ILLUSTRATED reaches the reader. It already promises to be one of the finest structures in the city. The only materials used in its construction are granite, iron, brick, and glass; the former coming from an island off the coast of Maine, where six hundred men are employed in quarrying and dressing it. The style of architecture adopted is that known as the Doric, modified, however, by the Renaissance. The north front of the building is two hundred and ninety feet in length, the Broadway front three hundred and forty feet, and the Park Row front three hundred and twenty feet in the clear. On each of these two fronts, however, there is an angle which, running back some distance and then projecting, forms the entrance looking down Broadway. The entire width of this front is one hundred and thirty feet. These entering angles and projecting portico give this front a very bold and striking appearance. In the original design it was intended that the building should have a cellar, a basement, three stories, and an attic, but, through an after-thought of the architect, a fourth story has been added. The roof is of the Mansard style, the upright portion being covered with slate, and the flat portion with copper. In accordance with the plans of the architect, the basement consists of one vast apartment, which will be devoted to the sorting of letters and making up of the mails. The first floor will be used as the receiving department: comprising the money-order and registering offices, stamp and envelope bureaus, and postmaster's and secretaries' private rooms. On the second and third floors will be the United States Court rooms, and the attic will supply rooms to the janitor, watchmen, etc. There are no fewer than twelve elevators

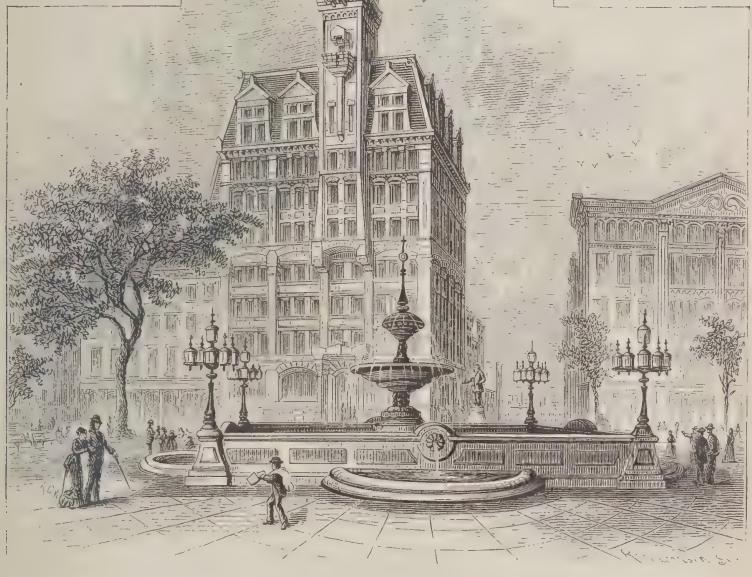
Western Union Telegraph-Office, corner of Broadway and Dey Street.




The New Post-Office, Junction of Park Row and Broadway.

for the various purposes of the establishment, and for light and heat the most perfect contrivances known to art have been adopted.

Crossing the Park at this point, we enter what is known as Printing-House Square, from the fact that the offices of the principal daily and weekly newspapers of New York are there located, including the large yellow-stone building of the *Times*, and the magnificent granite structure of the *Staats-Zeitung*. A bronze statue of Benjamin Franklin, erected under the auspices of Captain Benjamin De Groot in 1871, also appropriately marks the place. The buildings in view stand on the edge of what was known in old times as "Beekman's Swamp." The low grounds are now occupied by the substantial warehouses of the wholesale dealers in leather, and the neighborhood is still known in the trade as "the Swamp." The drab building of the *New York Tribune* is missed from its old site, having been supplanted by a new structure, which is rapidly approaching completion. This new edifice is the largest and, perhaps, the handsomest newspaper-office in the world. Its style is a composite of red pressed brick, granite, marble, and iron. It is one story higher than the Western-Union Telegraph Office, and is the highest building on Manhattan Island. The ground covered by it extends ninety feet upon Printing-House Square, one hundred feet upon Spruce Street, thence one hundred and sixty-five feet north to Frankfort Street, with a frontage upon that street of nearly twenty-nine feet. Above the nine stories there will be a lofty clock-tower, visible from all points around the city, than which the *Tribune* Association could not erect a more suitable monument to the advancing power of journalism.



The New "Tribune" Building in Printing-House Square.

The City-Hall Park is identified with the early history and growth of New York. Less than a century ago it was looked upon as the "Old Fields," and the country residences of wealthy citizens were erected in and aronnd the adjacent grounds. A portion of the walls of the present Hall of Records constituted, as far back as 1758, the walls of the colonial provost jail, and, if space permitted, many an incident might be related of the dark and bloody scenes enacted on the spot. Within the last ten years the Park has undergone much change, and, with its shrubbery, trees, fountains, and broad walks, it now constitutes an attractive feature of this portion of the metropolis.

The City Hall has so long been the chief public edifice of New York as to require but brief mention. It has

City Hall and New Court-House.

been the scene of many interesting episodes. The stranger will still find in the "Governor's Room" a collection of portraits of New-York worthies, and other objects of interest will attract his attention.

The new Court-House deserves more extended notice, as a structure in every way worthy of a great municipal corporation. It is constructed of white marble, and within and without, in every detail, combines strength, elegance, and solidity. The pervading order of architecture is Corinthian, and the general effect of its massive proportions, viewed from any side, is grand and striking. The building is two hundred and fifty feet long, and one hundred and fifty feet wide. To the top of the pediment the height is ninety-seven feet, and to the top of the dome, when completed, the distance will be two hundred and twenty-five feet. It has been suggested that the tower crowning the dome should be converted into a light-house as a land-mark for mariners, but this point has not yet been decided by the superintending architect. The portico and steps, with the grand columns on the Chambers-Street front, are said to be the finest piece of work of the kind in America. The interior of the edifice is equally elaborate and complete, and several of the apartments are now occupied by the public officers.

Nearly opposite the new Court-House, on Chambers Street, is what was known in old times as Gallows Hill, where the execution of American prisoners generally took place after midnight. It overlooked a fresh-water pond and a little island, near the junction of Centre and Pearl Streets, but both of these have long since disappeared, giving place in time to that horrible locality of which the famous Five Points once formed a part. A line of fortifications also crossed the hill from Broadway to Chatham Street; and Stewart's present wholesale establishment, on the corner of Broadway and Chambers Street, occupies the site of one of the principal forts of the city during the Revolution. When erected, this great block of marble was considered to be "up-town;" and twenty years ago it was as fashionable for the ladies to shop there as it is now fashionable to shop in Stewart's grander temple of trade on the corner of Ninth and Tenth Streets. The building is at present devoted to the wholesale business of the prince-merchant.

Proceeding up Broadway, we next reach the imposing building of the New York Life Insurance Company, at the corner of Broadway and Leonard Street, which is one of the finest ever erected by private enterprise in America. It is of pure white marble, of the Ionic order of architecture, the design having been suggested by the

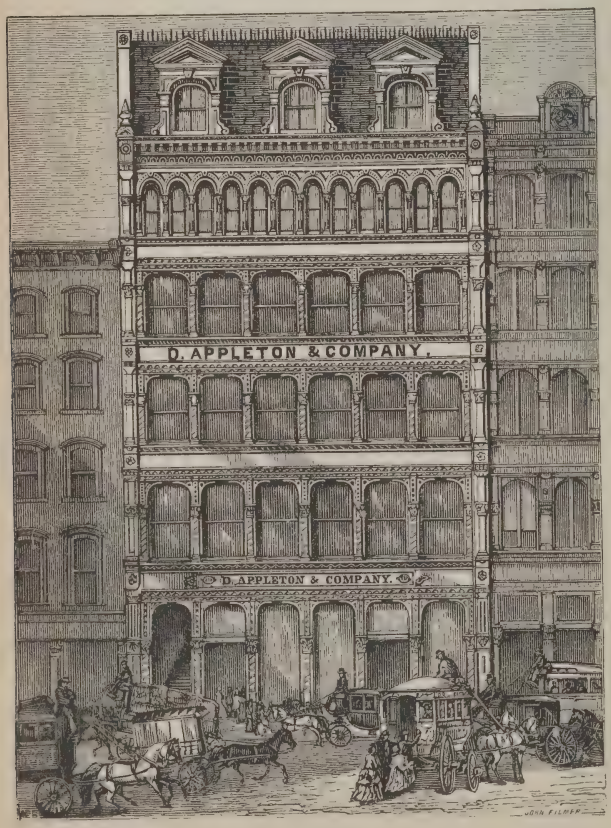
Stewart's Wholesale Store, corner of Broadway and Chambers Street.

Temple of the Erectheus at Athens. The exterior is a model of architectural taste, and the offices within are remarkable for beauty and convenience. The appointments are superb, and well worthy of inspection. This company

New York Life Insurance Company's Building, corner of Broadway and Leonard Street.

is one of the oldest institutions of the kind in the United States—having commenced business in 1845—and ranks among its trustees some of the most eminent citizens of New York. The accumulations are over nineteen million dollars, and the annual revenues exceed seven millions, and are steadily increasing.

At Canal Street, which was once the bed of a rivulet, the view up and down Broadway is exceedingly brilliant and picturesque. As far as the eye can reach it gathers in on either side a range of business palaces, representing every variety of taste, style, and beauty, while between them, in the street and on the sidewalk, is an ever-changing scene in which light, color, and motion, combine to create a charm that never tires. There is a fascination even in the throng of vehicles; the faces in the omnibusses and private carriages; the gay turn-outs and handsome equipages; and in the strange commingling of people passing to and fro, representing every State and country, every style of dress from that of the Oriental to the last fashion of the Anglo-Saxon, there is a magnetic attraction that compels the stranger to linger and enjoy the kaleidoscopic scene. For three miles the change is continual; the continuity of effect is unbroken; and a walk up or down Broadway is one of the pleasantest reminiscences of a visit to the metropolis. Yonder is the famous and most comfortable St. Nicholas Hotel; a little farther up the immense brown-stone form of the Metropolitan Hotel, another of our fashionable hostelries. Near Prince Street, we notice the fanciful façade of Appletons' Publishing-House, which is built of iron and painted ornamentally, the background being of a neutral tint, relieved with gold and red. Gold-leaf is also freely used in the scroll-work of the pillars, and produces a very pleasing effect. The same style of architecture has been successfully adopted elsewhere, notably in the American Watch Company's building in Bond Street, a few doors east of Broadway, and in several jewelry establishments. At the corner of Bond Street and Broadway a superb building has recently been erected by Brooks Brothers, the tailors, which satisfies the highest artistic and utilitarian ideals. It is a composite of red brick and a light-colored stone, which produces a very rich effect, and at the same time it is compact and fire-proof. Nearly opposite is the Grand Central Hotel, a monster edifice, with a marble front, eight stories in height, and surmounted by a Mansard roof. It is impossible, indeed, to walk many yards without noticing one of the palaces with which the merchants have beautified the city. These, with the ever-active cosmopolitan throng, make the thoroughfare one of such interest as even the prominent business streets of London cannot excel.




Broadway, near Prince Street.

It is a curious feature of the Broadway crowd, by-the-way, that its phases are different at different hours of the day. Early in the morning, for instance, you will see the working-people, the sewing-girls, and younger clerks, pouring into the street from right and left, and hurrying downward. At eight or nine o'clock the procession is chiefly composed of business men—those who fill the counting-rooms and the law-offices. From ten to three the ladies appear in full force on shopping expeditions, and then the tide begins to turn upward. At four o'clock, a hundred thousand are promenading; a goodly proportion being peripatetic fashion-plates, contrived by the cunning of the dress-maker and milliner. At six the poorer classes are again homeward bound; and then, until morning, Broadway is abandoned to the pleasure-seeker, midnight prowler, and poor wretches who have shunned the light of day.

Passing on, we reach Astor Place, the scene of the great Macready riots, and may visit the Mercantile Library Building, which was formerly the Astor Place Opera-House. The Astor Library, in this vicinity, is also an attractive spot to the literary visitor. Beyond, on the corners of Fourth Avenue, are the Bible House and Cooper Institute,

American Watch Company's Building, Bond Street, near Broadway.

Corner of Bond Street and Broadway.

the latter erected by the generosity of Peter Cooper, a wealthy citizen. It is a large brown-stone edifice, and occupies an entire square. It contains a library and various educational departments, in which the poor are instructed for a nominal sum in various branches of art and education. The Colton Dental Association have their rooms in the building, and make a specialty of the use of nitrous-oxide gas for the painless extraction of teeth. In their office is an immense scroll containing the signatures of upward of *forty thousand* patients, who certify that the operation was painless. The building and neighborhood will be further described when we make a tour on the Bowery and Fourth Avenue.

Returning to Broadway, the attention of the observer will be attracted by the magnificent marble structure occupying the square bounded by Ninth and Tenth Streets and Fourth Avenue. It is the palatial dry-goods store of the merchant-prince, A. T. Stewart, and is probably the largest establishment of the kind in the world. It is only by entering that one can obtain an idea of the immensity of the building, and even then it is startling to realize the fact that, if the eight floors which are in view from the basement to the dome could be spread out on a

Stewart's Store—Broadway, Ninth and Tenth Streets.

level, they would cover a space of fifteen acres! The establishment constitutes a little world within itself, for there is scarcely any thing pertaining to the toilet of a lady, from hair-pins to the carpets with which she furnishes her boudoir, that may not be found in its proper department.

Grace Church—a square beyond "Stewart's"—marks the spot where Broadway makes its sharp turn to the left. It is one of the fashionable places of worship, and has been the scene of many of the most aristocratic weddings and funerals of New York. Its architecture and that of the adjoining rectory are pleasing, and afford a relief to the surrounding monotony of brick and stone.

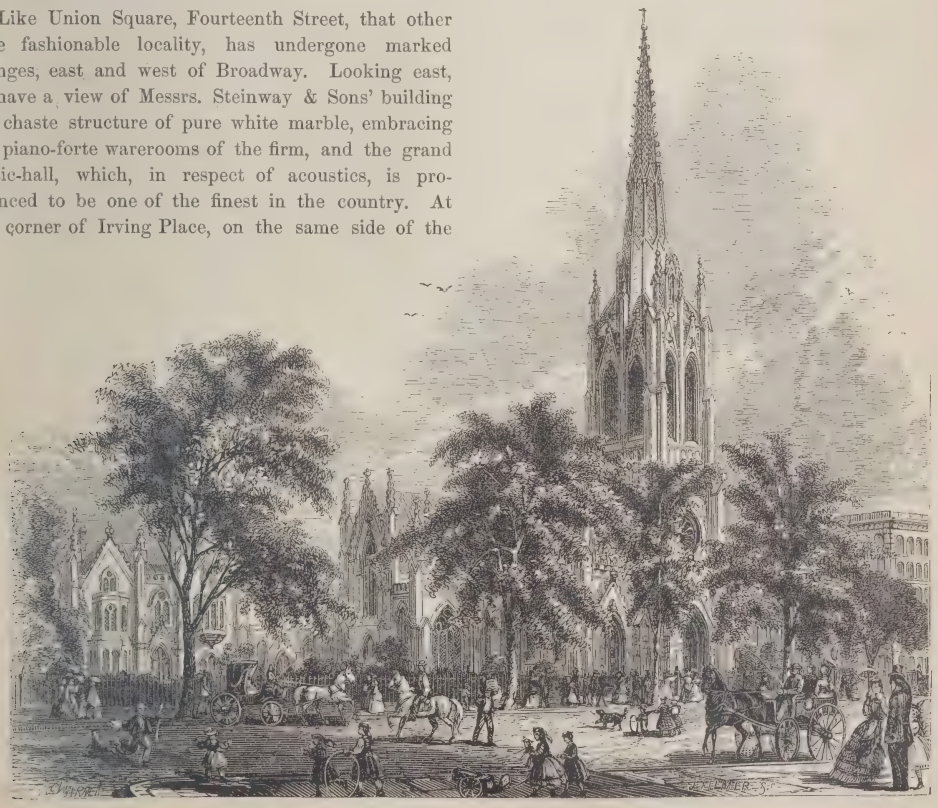
The handsome building known as the Methodist Book Concern, on the left of Broadway, and Wallack's Theatre on the right, may be scanned a moment, and then we enter Union Square, one of the "breathing-spots" of the metropolis. The first object which strikes the eye, near Fourteenth Street, is Brown's colossal equestrian statue of Washington. The figures are of bronze, mounted on a plain granite pedestal, and are fourteen and a half feet in height, the entire monument, including the pedestal, being twenty-nine feet. This work of art has been gen-

erally and deservedly admired. The bronze statue of Abraham Lincoln stands on a granite pedestal, at the opposite or western angle of the square. The likeness of the famous ex-President is perfect, but it has been suggested that there is a want of due proportion between the figure and its granite base.

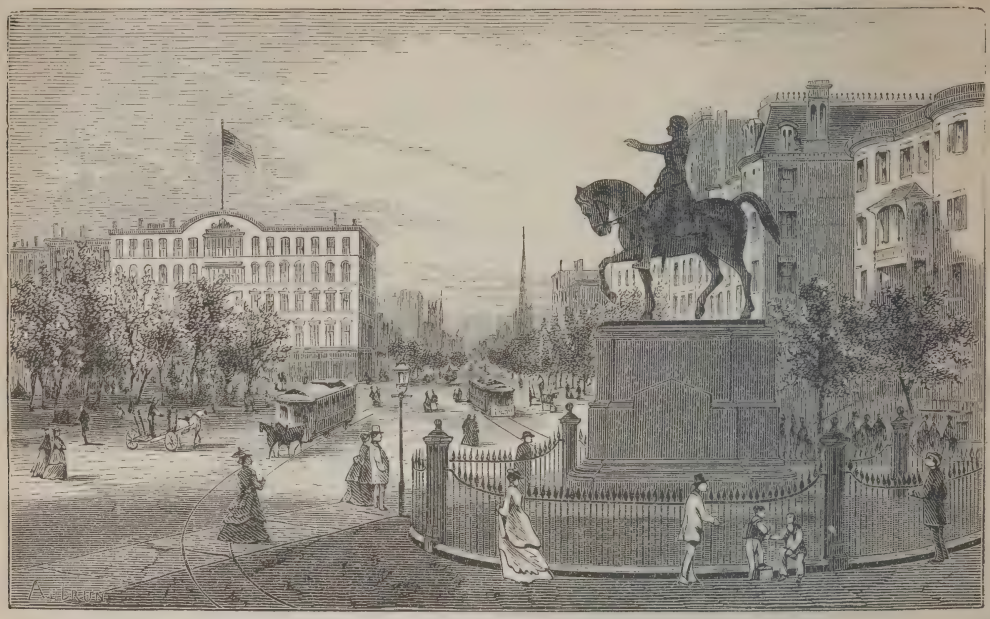
The park is a beautiful oval, devoted to verdure, save where the broad walks and cozy seats invite the multitude to wander or to rest. There is a fine fountain in the centre, and during the spring and summer months the inviting locality is thronged with the residents of this portion of the city. The denizens of the park are birds—English sparrows—who are not only faithful guardians of the old trees in protecting them from the ravages of worms, but are a source of never-ending amusement. At the upper end of the park is a wide plaza for military parades and popular assemblies. A cottage faces the plaza, with a platform for speakers, or for officers upon occasions of reviews; while handsomely-painted and highly-ornamented flag-poles and many lamps adorn the place. It is admirably arranged for its purpose.

Years ago, Union Square was a fashionable neighborhood, wherein resided some of the oldest and wealthiest citizens of New York, but it has yielded to the march of trade, and every day changes are taking place in its aspect. The old brick mansions are being torn down, to make way for elegant structures, and doubtless another decade will witness an imposing array of architectural fronts. Already there is a circle of select hotels, restaurants, and stores. On the corner of Broadway and Fourteenth Street is the *Maison Dorée*, and adjoining it the white façade of the Union Square Theatre. Making a circle to the right, we find on the corner of Fourteenth Street and Fourth Avenue a massive granite structure, erected for banking and other purposes by a German corporation. Farther up Fourth Avenue, we see the handsome front of the Union Place Hotel; then the tall iron building of the Singer Sewing Machine Company; and a little beyond, the handsome proportions of the Everett House and Clarendon Hotel. Continuing our walk, we pass by a row of elegant brick structures on the northern side of the square, and, returning toward the point at which we started, see the splendid iron edifice of Messrs. Tiffany & Co.—the well-known jewelers—an establishment always well worthy of a visit, because many of the arts of the Old World and the New there find fitting representation. This building occupies the site formerly covered by Dr. Cheever's Church of the Puritans.

Like Union Square, Fourteenth Street, that other once fashionable locality, has undergone marked changes, east and west of Broadway. Looking east, we have a view of Messrs. Steinway & Sons' building—a chaste structure of pure white marble, embracing the piano-forte warerooms of the firm, and the grand music-hall, which, in respect of acoustics, is pronounced to be one of the finest in the country. At the corner of Irving Place, on the same side of the



Grace Church and Parsonage corner of Tenth Street and Broadway



Union Square.

street, is the Academy of Music, the scene of the triumphs of many of the most distinguished operatic singers of these later days, and a place famous for the grand balls and receptions given in honor of public guests. The handsome white marble-faced building beyond the Academy is "Tammany Hall." It is a noble building, architecturally, and has often been the centre of wild and stirring political events, especially during the sessions of Democratic conventions. Looking westwardly, we find that Fourteenth Street has been invaded by merchants and other men of business. On the corner of Fifth Avenue, Delmonico caters to the gastronomic tastes of the fashionable public with the same success that attends his endeavors in his establishments "down-town" among the merchants. Farther on are to be seen the Armory of the Twenty-second Regiment, the broad portico of the new Lyceum Theatre, sheltering the sidewalk to the curb, and long, handsome blocks of brown-stone mansions that are only awaiting the lapse of a few years to be absorbed by the current of commerce and turned into a more public channel.

St. George's Church, corner of Sixteenth Street and Rutherford Place.

Before leaving the vicinity of Union Square, it will well repay the lover of the artistic and beautiful to obtain a view of St. George's Church, which is situated on the corner of East Sixteenth Street and Rutherford Place. This edifice is said to be capable of holding a larger congregation than any other ecclesiastical structure in the city of New York. It is built of solid brown-stone, and, with its two lofty towers looking to the east, and immense depth and height of wall, is certainly entitled to the first rank among the religious edifices of America. It was erected in 1849; but the interior was completely destroyed by fire on the 14th of November, 1865. The refitting of the building was immediately entered upon, and it is now one of the handsomest in the country. The interior is very striking in its polychromatic designs, and the ceiling of the roof is a "thing of beauty" well worth seeing. The chancel is one of the handsomest in the city. The adjoining rectory—the abode of the venerated Rector of St. George's, Rev. Stephen H. Tyng—and the chapel on Sixteenth Street, are architecturally and otherwise in keeping with the noble edifice of which they are a part.

The church fronts on Stuyvesant Square, the prettiest of all the smaller parks in the city. The area comprised is between Rutherford and Livingston Places, and Fifteenth and Seventeenth Streets. It is intersected by Second Avenue, and is surrounded by brown-stone houses. In the vicinity are the residences of some of the oldest families, including those of Hamilton Fish, the Secretary of State; William M. Evarts; the Rutherfords, and the Stuyvesants. Unlike Gramercy Park, which is near by, Stuyvesant Park is a free gift to the people, and in the hot days of summer its shades are crowded by poor dwellers from the tenements in the adjacent east-side avenues. Its trees and shrubbery are remarkably luxuriant, and afford a charming contrast to the wilderness of brick, brown-stone, and stucco around.

Second Avenue, hereabout, crosses the ground which, in ancient times, constituted the old "Bowerie" estate of Governor Stuyvesant, one of the famous rulers of the New Netherlands. Here, the old chronicles tell us, "he enjoyed the repose of agricultural pursuits within sight of the smoke of the city, which curled above the tree-tops." His house was built of small yellow brick, imported from Holland, and stood near the present St. Mark's Church, between Second and Third Avenues. A fine brick building now covers the spot. A pear-tree, imported from Holland by Stuyvesant in 1647, and planted in his garden, still holds ground at the corner of Thirteenth Street and Third Avenue. On the site of the present St. Mark's church, Governor Stuyvesant built a chapel at his own expense, and dedicated it to the service of God according to the ritual of the Reformed Dutch Church. At his death he was buried in the vault within the chapel, and over his remains was placed a slab which may still be seen in the eastern wall of St. Mark's, with the following inscription: "In this vault lies buried Petrus Stuyvesant, late Captain-General and Commander-in-Chief of Amsterdam, in New Netherlands, now called New York, and the Dutch West India Islands. Died in August, A. D. 1682, aged eighty years." Other tablets and curious monuments of the past are to be found in this quaint old building.

Passing through St. Mark's Place we soon reach Broadway, whence by Waverley Place it is but a step to Washington Square, another of the lovely spots that are to be found here and there in the heart of the metropolis, where among the leafy shadows of the trees one may find repose. The square was once the site of Potter's Field, the pauper burying-ground. Now it is surrounded by elegant private residences, and is beautifully laid out, and made attractive as a place of public resort. The New York University and Dr. Hutton's Church are to be seen on its eastern front. There are nine acres within the inclosure, and it is not more the haunt of birds than of the wearied thousands who on a summer day or evening find comfort in its balmy air. Here commences

## *FIFTH AVENUE,*

perhaps the most famous street in America, yet only famous as the representative locality in which, for more than thirty years, fashionable New York has expended its love for lavish display. Probably there is not another street in the world wherein are more elegant and imposing private residences, furnished with princely magnificence, or more exquisite collections of those trifles of art and taste which bespeak a high order of cultivation. It now extends from Waverley Place into the wilderness at the upper end of the island, and there is scarcely an edifice on which the eye may rest, in that long stretch of three or four miles, that is not suggestive of architectural beauty of design. Wealth reigns in this region almost supreme, and, while many noble blocks of buildings will arrest the attention of the observer elsewhere, he will not elsewhere find such an unbroken phalanx of genuine brown-stone supremacy.

It would be impracticable to describe in detail the many objects of interest which are to be seen on this avenue; to penetrate its gorgeous club-houses; its large and expensive libraries; choice picture-galleries, private billiard-rooms, and exquisitely-furnished parlors; and a drive up its Belgian pavement and a glance at the exterior decorations of its handsome mansions must suffice. We pass on, only taking note of the melancholy fact, adverted to elsewhere in connection with aristocratic localities, that even this exclusive atmosphere has been at last intruded

Fifth Avenue Scenes.

upon by the milliner, tailor, and *mesdame* of the boarding-house. Yea, even the "tiger" has made his lair in the vicinity, and outside barbarians in the lower social scale claim an abiding-place within the heretofore sacred precincts.

The real glory of the avenue, however, is to be seen best on Sunday after the morning service. Fashion in all of its strangest conglomerations, and beauty in its most exquisite dress, then exhibit themselves on the promenade. This Sunday stroll is considered the correct thing to "do," even though it may require a walk of several squares to join the throng, and, from the persistent regularity of the Christian crowd in making its appearance at the stated time, it would seem as if it were a part of the religious etiquette of society to merge its devotions into a kaleidoscopic panorama which at once displays the last miracle of the toilet and the most startling invention of the *modiste*. The avenue is likewise a favorite highway for the owners of equipages *en route* to and from the Central Park, and every pleasant afternoon witnesses a display of showy animals and vehicles almost matchless in its extent and variety. Next to a fashionable race-course, it is the place above all others in New York for the exhibition of handsome horse-flesh.

On the right and left of Fifth Avenue, as we proceed upward, are various points of interest whither we may profitably digress. *En passant*, the Brevoort House—an aristocratic family hotel—may be noticed, and farther on

Fifth Avenue, at corner of Twenty-first Street.

the Union and Manhattan Club-Houses. At Twenty-third Street, where Broadway crosses the avenue diagonally, we are at the breezy opening known as Madison Square—a lovely park, embracing ten acres of turf and foliage, and surrounded by magnificent dwellings and business edifices. Prominent among the latter are the Fifth Avenue Hotel and the Hoffman House, the latter a fashionable and popular hotel kept on the European plan. One of the most notable features of the Square, standing at the intersection of Broadway with Fifth Avenue, almost directly opposite the Hoffman House, is the monument erected to the memory of General Worth, by the corporation of the city of New York, in 1857, eight years after the death of the aged and gallant hero in Texas. The monument is four-sided, chaste and beautiful, each side of the base and shaft bearing inscriptions pertaining to the memory of the deceased, and the names of the different engagements in which he distinguished himself, with handsome bronze reliefs between the inscriptions on the base and those above.

Fifth Avenue Hotel and Hoffman House.

The front, or southward-looking side, presents a handsome equestrian image of General Worth in high relief, with armorial insignia of the same material above, and the name and military title of the deceased in raised stone letters on the base below; while, lettered in the shaft above, one below the other, are the celebrated battle-names of "Monterey," "Vera Cruz," "San Antonio," "City of Mexico." The west side (facing the Hoffman House) states, on the base, the time and occasion of the monument's erection by the corporation, with a laurel-wreath in bronze; and, lettered on the shaft, "Contreras," "Churubusco," "West Point," "Molino del Rey." The east, or Madison-Square side, presents a similar wreath, the inscription "Ducit Amor Patriæ," and "Perote," "Puebla,"

Booth's Theatre, at corner of Twenty-third Street and Sixth Avenue.

Masonic Temple, on Twenty-third Street and Sixth Avenue.

"Cerro Gordo," "Chapultepec." The base of the rear records the place and time of the birth (Hudson, N. Y., 1794) and death (Texas, 1849) of the illustrious general; with bronze shields and upraised arm, mailed and weaponed, in demi-relief, and the names of "Florida," "Chippewa," "Fort George," and "Lundy's Lane," upon the shaft.

The Grand Opera-House, at corner of Twenty-third Street and Eighth Avenue.

At Madison Square, Madison Avenue begins, and for about two miles rivals Fifth Avenue in the number and elegance of its fashionable dwellings, churches, and club-houses. As it approaches Central Park it is in the rough condition of a new thoroughfare, however, monstrous water and gas pipes lying in the roadway and obstructing vehicles. In the course of a year or two, when it will be complete, it will be unequaled for the imposing character of its architecture.

A walk down Twenty-third Street brings us to Booth's Theatre, probably the most magnificent place of amusement in America. It is of the Renaissance style, and ninety-four feet high to the cornice of its Mansard roof. The frontage on Twenty-third Street is one hundred and forty-nine feet, and the whole is built of the finest Concord granite. The interior is equally magnificent, and will seat about three thousand persons. On the opposite corner the new Masonic Temple is reared. It is built of granite, and there is a breadth of treatment in its various parts, and a severe and classical simplicity in its ornamentation, which strongly commend it to all lovers of good taste in art. The main entrance, on Twenty-third Street, is through a Doric portico of coupled Doric columns. The first story is devoted to business purposes. The next story is treated in Ionic style, and devoted to the use of the Grand Lodge and its officials. When this body is not in session, however, the grand hall is rented for lectures and concerts. The third and fourth stories are occupied exclusively by lodge and chapter rooms. The Mansard story is used by the Knight Templars, and is the most complete commandery, in all of its arrangements, in existence. It may be of interest to state that the first subscription toward the erection of the building was made several years ago by Edwin Forrest, and that the fund has gone on steadily increasing. The outlay of money

The "Stevens House," corner of Twenty-seventh Street and Broadway to Fifth Avenue.

will not fall short of a million dollars. The net rental is devoted entirely to the support of the widows and orphans of masons.

On the corner of Twenty-third Street and Eighth Avenue may be seen the handsome edifice known as the Grand Opera-House, and occupied in part by the offices of the Erie Railroad Company. The building has a front

Church of the Transfiguration, Twenty-ninth Street, near Fifth Avenue.

of one hundred and thirteen feet on the avenue, and ninety-eight feet on Twenty-third Street. The main entrance to the theatre is twenty-one feet wide, but the theatre proper is a rear building, the approach to which is through a spacious passage or vestibule eighty feet long.

Mr. A. T. Stewart's Residence, corner of Fifth Avenue and Thirty-fourth Street.

Returning to Broadway, the visitor will be attracted by the unique and beautiful structure on the corner of Twenty-seventh Street, known as "The Stevens House." This was built by the late Mr. Paran Stevens, the well-known hotel-keeper, so long connected with the Revere House in Boston, the Continental in Philadelphia, and

Reservoir and Rutgers Institute.

the Fifth Avenue of New York. It was his object to supply a want felt in all large cities by small families of means, but who do not choose to maintain expensive establishments, and most happily has this edifice been planned with that view. Each floor is composed of various suites of rooms, wherein there are all the accommo-

Fifth Avenue and Fifty-sixth Street.

dations for house-keeping, and elevators make it a matter of indifference to the lodger, so far as fatigue is concerned, whether he be on the first floor or the seventh. The exterior of the building is elegant; it is, indeed, one of the most truly picturesque architectural piles in the city.

We now pass on to Fifth Avenue, where, near the corner of Twenty-ninth Street, we have a glance at the Church of the Transfiguration, or, as it is now more popularly known, "the little church around the corner," a name bestowed upon it by a neighboring clergyman, who, refusing to bury an actor from his own church, referred the applicant to this. It is more interesting from its quaint irregularity, and air of seclusion, than from any architectural pretensions. With the attendant buildings that have been added from time to time, the church occupies about ten lots.

Farther up the avenue, on the corner of Thirty-fourth Street, is the marble house of Mr. A. T. Stewart—unquestionably the most costly and luxurious private residence on the continent. The reception and drawing rooms, the dining, breakfast, and sleeping rooms, are very beautiful, and have been constructed regardless of expense. The total cost of the building is said to have been upward of a million of dollars.

We are now in the region of an almost unbroken line of architectural beauty, elegant churches and mansions abound, and the wonderful changes that are taking place in the upper portion of New York are written on every side. Between Forty-first and Forty-second Streets, on Fifth Avenue—"Murray Hill" as it is known—is the Distributing Reservoir of the Croton Water Works. Its walls are of massive masonry, and in the Egyptian style of architecture. It is visible on the right of the picture. Immediately opposite is the Rutgers Female College, occupying a series of buildings originally erected for dwellings. It is a flourishing and excellent institution. The new Jewish Synagogue, on the avenue, in the immediate neighborhood, is worthy of study as the purest example of the Moresque style of architecture in this country. It is attractive without, by reason of its unusual ornamentation,

Synagogue, Fifth Avenue.

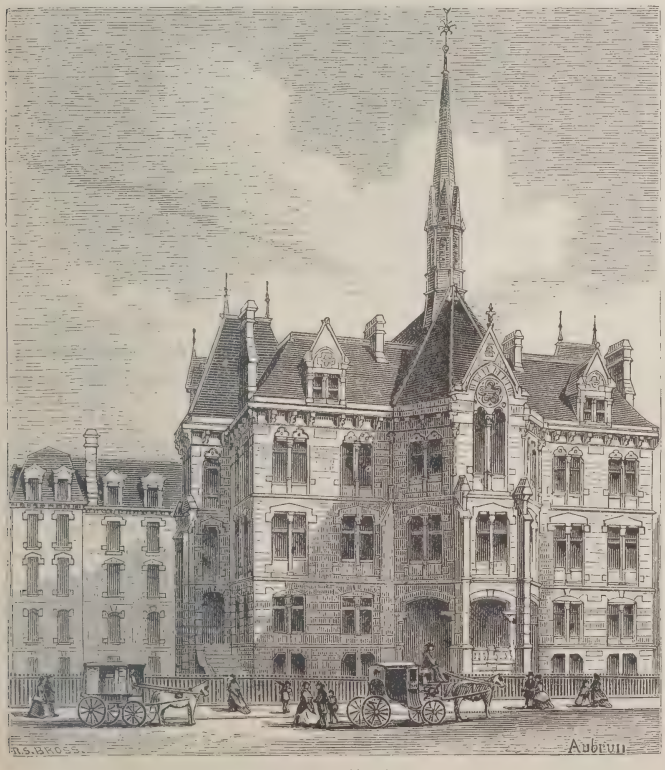
and is wonderfully beautiful within. An illustration of a very handsome block of Caen-stone residences recently erected on Fifth Avenue, just before the visitor reaches Central Park, is given in one of the accompanying pictures. The style is simple, yet the general effect is one that elicits only the most favorable criticisms.

While in this vicinity, the observer will see the rising walls of what is destined to be perhaps the most magnificent ecclesiastical building in the New World—St. Patrick's Cathedral. The structure was begun in 1858, and occupies the most elevated site on Fifth Avenue. A stratum of solid rock supports the foundation, and above the granite base-course the material is a white marble. The style of the building is Gothic—that which prevailed in Europe from the beginning of the thirteenth century to the close of the fourteenth, and will, it is said, preserve a judicious mean between the heaviness of the latter period and the over-elaboration of later times. The decorations on the Fifth Avenue front will be unsurpassed. There will be a tower and spire on each corner, each measuring three hundred and twenty-eight feet from the ground to the summit of the cross, and these will be ornamented with buttresses, niches with statues, and pinnacles, so arranged as to disguise the change from the square form of the tower to the octagon shape of the steeples. Near here is the Mount Sinai Hospital, on Lexington Avenue, between Sixty-sixth and Sixty-seventh Streets. The buildings are of the Elizabethan style of architecture, and are faced with brick and marble trimmings. The institution is one of the most complete of its kind in the metropolis, and embodies all the improvements of modern art in its interior arrangements for the comfort of patients. The cost of the hospital was about three hundred and forty thousand dollars.

Roman Catholic Cathedral (now erecting), on Fifth Avenue.

We are now in a neighborhood where, turning the eye in almost any direction, it will rest on the towers, domes, and stately proportions, of numerous public and private edifices. Prominent among these on Seventieth Street will be observed the Lenox Hospital, a noble charity, represented by one of the handsomest structures of the kind in New York, consisting of a central building and two imposing wings of corresponding character, but one of which is given in our illustration. Another good deed of the founder of the hospital, James Lenox, blossoms in the Lenox Library, which occupies nearly the whole space between Seventieth and Seventy-first Streets on

Mount Sinai Hospital, Sixty-sixth Street.




The Lenox Hospital.

Fifth Avenue. The building is one hundred and ninety-two feet in length, one hundred and fourteen feet in depth, and one hundred and one feet in height. It is set back from the street, and is built of light stone, in the modern French style of architecture, which presents a most unique and attractive appearance. The gift of the founder includes his collection of manuscripts, printed books, engravings, paintings, and other works of art—one of the most valuable and useful collections in America — and the sum of three hundred thousand dollars for the maintenance of the library.

Crossing over to Sixty-eighth Street, and near Fourth Avenue, we shall see also the "Old Ladies' Home of the Baptist Church." The ground runs through the entire block, and has a front of one hundred and twenty-five feet. The building is five stories in height, arranged in the form of the letter H, and is crowned with a Mansard roof, with towers. The style of architecture is semi-Gothic. Near Third Avenue, on Seventy-seventh Street, is an inter-

The Lenox Library.

esting institution, known as the Hebrew Orphan Asylum and Industrial School. Boys and girls are here taught trades of various kinds, prominent among which is that of a printer.

At Sixty-ninth Street, between Fourth and Lexington Avenues, you will find an ecclesiastical-looking building, occupied by the new Normal College, the most complete of its kind in America. The college building proper is about three hundred feet long, one hundred and twenty-five feet wide, facing Fourth Avenue; seventy-eight feet wide in the rear, and over seventy feet high. It contains thirty recitation-rooms, three large lecture-rooms, a calisthenium, a library, six retiring-rooms for instructors, president's offices, and a main hall, capable of seating sixteen hundred students. Each recitation-room contains seats for forty-eight, and each lecture-room for one hundred and forty-four persons. The entire cost of the building was three hundred and fifty thousand dollars. A model or training school is erected in the rear, in which pupil-teachers have an opportunity to supplement their theoretic studies with the practical.

Still moving toward the upper end of the island, we shall find yet another in the chain of eleemosynary institutions, located on the corner of Madison Avenue and Eighty-ninth Street, one block from Central Park. This is St. Luke's Home for Indigent Females—a handsome four-story building, with a Mansard roof and three towers. The style is mediæval Gothic, the materials of construction being Philadelphia pressed brick, trimmed with Buena Vista stone. On the adjoining ground is the "Church of the Beloved Disciple"—the prominent feature of which is its tower. This is one hundred and twenty-five feet in height, and commands a view as far as the eye can reach in every direction, including the Sound, Hudson River, the bay, and harbor.

We may now temporarily retrace our steps, until we reach the Grand Central Depot at Forty-second Street. This is considered as the greatest representative work in America of the peculiar type to which it belongs. Its exterior is imposing, and its immense size and regularity give it a marked prominence in a city where there is so much architectural discord. Approaching from Fifth Avenue, the eye is first caught by the great towers and then

Normal College

5 Grand Central Depot.

by the main or western façade. The latter is about seven hundred feet in length, and, when seen by moonlight, reminds the traveler strongly of the Tuileries in Paris. Within, every thing is spacious, liberal, and well arranged. The waiting and baggage rooms and offices are commodious; while, stepping out into the great car-house, we can feel but one sentiment—unmingled admiration for the skill which has spanned three acres with one magnificent arched roof. Trains are arriving or departing at nearly all hours of the day, and the scene is full of genuine American activity. At the corner of Madison Avenue and Forty-second Street is the new Church of the Holy Trinity, a peculiar-looking edifice, of which the Rev. Stephen H. Tyng, Jr., is pastor.

Passing down to Thirty-fourth Street, we come upon Park Avenue, a highly-fashionable thoroughfare, built over the tunnel of the Fourth Avenue car-line. At regular intervals, in the centre of the avenue, are neatly-railed

Park Avenue.

inclosures of green sod, with a grated aperture through which light is admitted and ventilation supplied to the tunnel. Near the southwest corner of Thirty-fourth Street and Park Avenue is the Presbyterian Church of the Covenant, built in the Lombardo-Gothic style, and on the southwest corner is a superb iron structure of immense size and profuse ornamentation, built by A. T. Stewart, and intended by him to be a hotel for working-women.

Situated on the northwest corner of Fourth Avenue and Twenty-third Street is one of the most peculiar-looking edifices in the metropolis—the National Academy of Design. The plan of the exterior was copied from a famous palace in Venice, and the artistically-blended colors from basement to roof are in pleasing contrast to the brown-stone façades which abound in the vicinity. The edifice has a front of eighty feet on Twenty-third Street, and of ninety-eight feet and nine inches on Fourth Avenue. The double flight of steps leading to the main entrance has been skillfully made a part of the general ornamental design, and, with its beautiful carvings and drinking-fountain beneath, is radiant with unique embellishments. The walls of the lower story are of gray marble, marked with intervening lines of North River blue-stone, and the entire elevation is thus variegated in blue, gray, and white. Within, the decorations are correspondingly beautiful. The grand staircase is wide, massive, and imposing in effect, the vestibule having an ornamental pavement of variegated marbles, with wood-work oiled and polished so as to show its natural color and grain. The exhibition-galleries occupy the whole of the third story, which is lighted from the roof. On the second floor are a lecture-room and other apartments—the latter being finished like the parlors of a first-class house. The cost of the building was one hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars.

Directly opposite the Academy of Design, on the southwest corner of Fourth Avenue and Twenty-third Street, is the building of the Young Men's Christian Association, a highly-ornamental structure to this part of the city. It is among the finest specimens of the Renaissance style of architecture in the metropolis. The roof is of the

Stewart's Hotel for Working-women, Fourth Avenue and Thirty-second Street.

steep Mansard pattern, presenting towers of equal height at each corner of the building, and a large tower (win. dowed) over the entrance on Twenty-third Street. The material is New Jersey brown-stone and the yellowish marble from Ohio, in almost equal parts, the latter composing the decorative portion. The building contains twenty-five apartments, including gymnasium, library, lecture-rooms, offices, etc.

Young Men's Christian Association Building, and Academy of Design, at corner of Twenty-third Street and Fourth Avenue.

Passing farther down-town, we reach the Cooper Institute and the Bible-House, two institutions already mentioned, but which deserve a more extended notice. The Institute is a noble brown-stone edifice, standing at the head of the Bowery, where the little cape of greenery splits it, upon one side into Third, and on the other into Fourth Avenue. It was erected by Mr. Peter Cooper, of New York, for the moral, intellectual, and physical improvement of his countrymen. The basement is almost entirely taken up by the large hall, or lecture-room, wherein have been held hundreds of political mass-meetings, and which has echoed to the eloquence of the magnates of almost every political faith. The ground-floor is occupied by stores and offices, and the Institute proper, or the "Union," commences with the third story. This story contains an exhibition-room one hundred and twenty-five feet long by eighty-two broad. The fourth story is a system of galleries, and with alcoves for works of art. Two large lecture-rooms and the library occupy the fifth story. The library is entirely free, is an excellent one, and, with its reading-room, has been productive of great good among all classes of the community. The building cost about three hundred thousand dollars, and the annual income from the rented parts is nearly thirty thousand.

The Bible-House, which stands immediately opposite the Cooper Union, is by far the largest structure of its kind in the world, occupying the entire block bounded by Eighth and Ninth Streets, and Third and Fourth Avenues. Somewhat triangular in form, it fronts one hundred and ninety-eight feet on Fourth Avenue, ninety-six on Third Avenue, two hundred and two on Eighth Street, and two hundred and thirty-two on Ninth Street. It is built of red brick, with stone facings, and cost something over three hundred thousand dollars. A large portion of the interior is divided into offices, the ground-floor being occupied by shops and stores; and the rest is devoted, by the Society, to the publishing of bibles. They have printed the Scriptures in twenty-four different dialects, and distributed hundreds of thousands of copies in every part of the United States, supplying prisons, jails, and other institutions for the reformation or punishment of crime, with thousands of copies gratuitously, and have undoubtedly effected much good. The receipts of the Society since the year of its organization (1816) have been between five and six million dollars. About six hundred and twenty-five persons are employed in the Bible-House when in full operation, and the various printing, press, and book-binding departments are yearly visited by hundreds of strangers.

Bible-House and Cooper Union, Eighth Street, corner of Fourth Avenue.

## THE BOWERY.

If old Governor Petrus Stuyvesant could stand here in the heart of his once great "Bowerie Farm," and see how it has been cut up into streets, covered by hundreds of stores, dwelling-houses, churches, and schools, and peopled by thousands of men and women, representing every civilized nation on the globe, he would scarce believe his senses. And, doubtless, he would not be complimented in finding the name of his quiet old homestead bestowed upon a locality which, in certain of its phases, has no compeer in or around New York.

What Broadway is to the west side, the Bowery is to the east, only it is the grand boulevard of the working-classes. If its shops are not brilliant, they are various in both character and contents. The ambition to erect brown-stone fronts, however, has not yet become an epidemic, and in their place is a display of bright colors, gay flags, fancy signs, and huge promises alphabetically distorted, that bespeak those humble beginnings of trade which, before now, have ended in a home on the aristocratic avenues up-town.

As you move down the broad street, watching the thousands who are in motion on the sidewalk, or the hundreds who are passing to and fro on the several railways, you will also observe, here and there, some fine business buildings, savings-banks, stores, etc., but the great majority of establishments is composed of corner groceries, cheap dry and fancy goods, and old-clo' shops, filled in with a liberal sprinkling of pawnbrokers, cigar-stands, and small hucksters of every conceivable article of merchandise that is inexpensive. The second, third, and fourth stories of these houses are generally tenanted by as many individuals as can be conveniently packed together without suffocation.

Bowery Mus'c-Hall.

A peculiar feature of the Bowery is the bier-gardens, or music-halls, one of which is illustrated in the accompanying sketch. These nightly attract large numbers of Germans of both sexes; and between the music, the multitudes sitting at the little tables talking over their Rhine wine or beer; the waiters running to and fro, frantically clutching the handles of a dozen glasses at once; the glare of lights; and the aroma of a thousand pipes or cigars, the scene, to a stranger, is inconceivably picturesque and animating. The music is generally good, and the order observed by the promiscuous assemblage is characteristic of the German people.

Near one of the largest of these music-halls—the Atlantic Garden—is the Old Bowery Theatre, a place famous in the history of New York, a generation or two ago, when the *gamins* of the street were the kings of the pit. The "blood-and-thunder" style of drama still divides, with the spectacular, the honors of the place; and the criticisms of the performance, albeit they are now shouted from the gallery instead of the parquette, are just as unique and original as in the palmiest days of the Bowery drama.

The theatre occupies the site upon which three others have been successively burned and rebuilt. The present structure is of the Doric order of architecture, and, with its huge columnar front, presents an imposing appearance. The Old Bowery is always worth a visit, if for no other purpose than to see and hear an audience thoroughly representative of this side of the town.

At the corner of Canal Street and the Bowery we notice the Citizens' Savings-Bank, and a few steps farther

The O'd Bowery Theatre.

bring us into Chatham Square. Thence we enter Chatham Street, the vestibule, so to speak, of a neighborhood once disgraceful for its abominations, but now happily undergoing some change for the better.

The throng is as motley as any which inspired the pen of Dickens or the pencil of Hogarth, but it is to be seen in its most characteristic phases at dusk, when the shop girls and boys, and the work-people generally, are returning from their various employments; and after dark, when Vice comes from its hiding-places, to hold high carnival and prey upon whatever object of plunder may first present itself. Many of the houses wear a forbidding aspect, and frowsy-looking women and children are peering from the upper windows, or dodging in and out of narrow door-ways. Cheap shops abound, in the rear of which live the humble proprietor and his family, and, if there be an earthly paradise of old-clo' dealers, pawnbrokers, and concert-saloons, the visitor will surely find it in this locality. Still, the hand of improvement is visible at various points along the street, and the tall and comely-looking stores that have been erected during the past ten years give evidence of progress that is destined to result in the most advantageous changes for the people who inhabit this portion of the metropolis.

A glance down Mulberry, Pearl, and others of the streets that branch off from Chatham Street, will give you a view of the vice-infected localities, such as once made the Five Points infamous. Here may yet be seen some of the vile dens, wherein have occurred the bloodiest and most sickening scenes of metropolitan life—holes and cellars rank with poisoned atmosphere, and rum-shops and brothels, in which black and white of both sexes promiscuously congregate for a night of debauch or crime. It is neighborhoods like these that have given birth to a generation of boys and girls who are growing up for the penitentiary and the gallows. But almost immediately next to low-roofed, tottering, dirt-begrimed shanties, you will find the tall brick buildings of new mission-houses and refuges. In the heart of Five Points there is an immense House of Industry, and near the corner of New Chambers and Chatham Streets is a quadrangular-looking building, recently erected for the lodging of several hundred little newsboys.

A short walk carries the visitor to Centre Street and the Tombs, famous in the criminal history of New York, and a place wherein may be seen, at any time, the worst specimens of humanity with which metropolitan law has to deal. The building is of granite, and the architect doubtless intended to preserve some of the features of an Egyptian temple. There is certainly an individuality about its heavy, squat, and general solid character, that commands attention, while its overwhelming portico and pediment, and depressing area of dismal quadrangle, is a masterpiece of what genius may accomplish in the way of gratuitous gloom. Crime comes to preliminary judgment here in a room on the right-hand side as you enter. This is the Tombs Police Court, where, as early as six or seven o'clock each morning, a district justice takes his seat upon the bench to hear what charges may be

brought before him, and decide what shall be done with the prisoners. In minor cases, such as drunkenness, disorderly conduct, or vagrancy, this magistrate can order summary fine, commitment, or discharge, at his discretion. Commitments are made to the jurisdiction of several higher courts, but the only one of these in the Tombs building is the Court of Special Sessions. The interior arrangements of the jail proper do not materially differ from those usually found in institutions of the kind. There are eleven cells of special strength and security, in which are convicts sentenced to death, or a life in the State Prison; six others, wherein are locked up those guilty of less heinous crimes; and six more used for hospital purposes. There are sixty more cells on the two upper tiers, for those convicted of various degrees of felony. These are on the male side. On the female side are twenty-two cells, and one-half of these are used as temporary receptacles of such cases as go no farther than the Police Court or Special Sessions. Each prisoner costs the county an average of about thirty cents a day for his board. The inner quadrangle, formed by the series of cellular

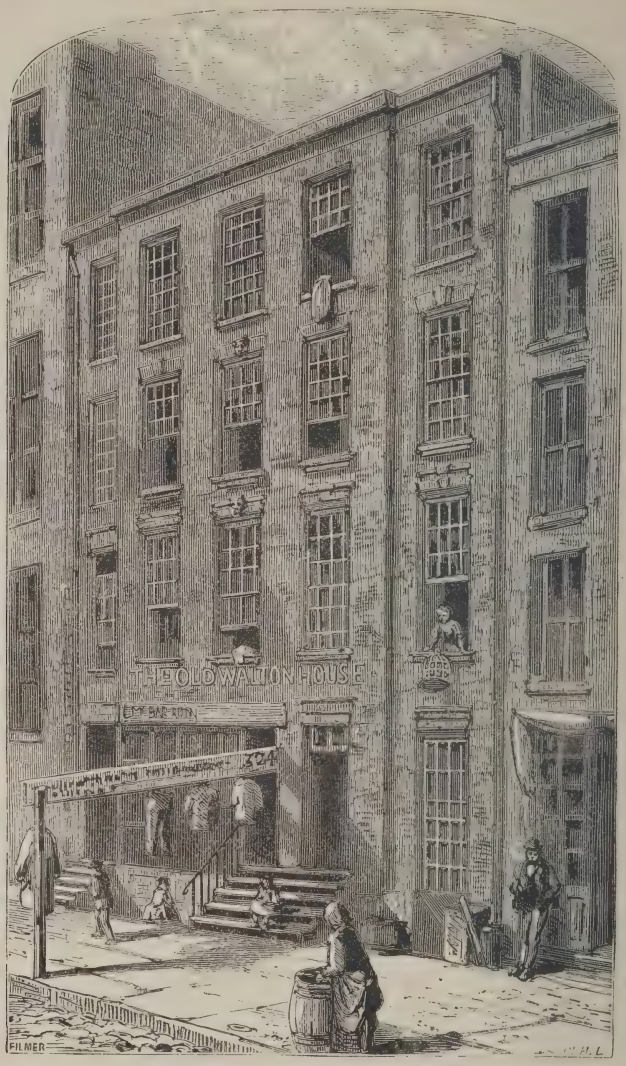
Tenement-Houses.

The Tombs.

structures, is where the last penalty of the law is put in execution, and where many a wretch has gone to his last account from the gallows-drop. One experiences a relief as he hears the last echo of his footsteps reverberating among the gloomy passages, and resumes his walk in the sunshine.

Before leaving this portion of the city, the visitor may find it interesting to extend his observations to Pearl Street, which, in Revolutionary times, was one of the most aristocratic thoroughfares in the city. There is now little left of the handsome mansions wherein resided, at one period and another, some of the most famous men in American history; but of these the "Walton House" is, perhaps, the most prominent. It is located at No. 326, and was owned and occupied by Admiral Walton, whom the historians describe as "a dispenser of generous hospitality." The architecture is of the simple style peculiar to the early days, but the

sculptured designs that yet remain give token of its aristocratic origin, and are not without that interest which ever attaches to things honorably associated with the past. The house is now tenanted by a number of poor families, and, if it possessed a voice, would doubtless exclaim, "To what base uses have we come at last!"




Walton House, Franklin Square, Pearl Street.

## *THE WHARVES AND PIERS.*

A tour around the water-front is full of charms; the scenes and incidents have no common fascination. In its course we can muse away hours, dream ourselves into the tropics or the farthest north, and awaken to a remembrance of the magnificent extent and variety of our seaboard commerce. A myriad of small craft, propelled by steam and sail, flecks the stream. A fleet of grander vessels towers almost over our heads on the rising tide, in their berths. The wealth they contain, and the adventures they suggest, invest them, as we have said, with no small measure of poetic interest. They are like a glorious army of pilgrims gathered in a central port from the shrines of every nation—gathered with peace-offerings and treasure after trials and victorious conquest.

The architecture of the wharves, and the buildings on them, may be deemed inadequate commercially, but its irregularity, perhaps its very poverty, gives it an artistic value which we should be sorry to miss. The ancient battalions of sail-lofts, ship-chandleries and stores, with swinging sign-boards, have more or less a nautical aspect, and will, no doubt, recall to many some dear old port of their youth. There may be some, indeed, who will regret the time when these weather-beaten structures are swept away, and supplanted by others more commodious, but not more interesting.

Until 1870 all our valuable wharfage was controlled by the Department of Public Works, but the new municipal charter of that year established a Department of Docks, with four commissioners. The wharf-line under their direction was twenty-eight and a half miles long, and the pier area 2,322,668 square feet. The Department was once more reconstructed by the charter of 1873, which increased the number of commissioners to five, with an annual salary of $3,000 each, and $6,500 to the president. Into the hands of these commissioners fall the valuable plans for the improvement of the water-front, which, aside from antiquarian considerations, is of very little credit to New York and of poor service to the commerce thrown upon it. At Pier No. 1, North River, can be seen an example of the kind of wharf with which the port will be skirted. When the work is done, we shall be no longer behind Liverpool or London, but perhaps ahead. A river-wall of *béton* and masonry will be built, with a river-street two hundred and fifty feet wide along the North River, two hundred feet wide on the East River, from the Battery to Thirty-first Street, and seventy-five feet wide north of that point. A great saving will be effected over the cost of the Liverpool docks, by having the piers arched, and, while the present wharf-line will be increased fifty thousand feet, the present pier area will be more than doubled.

Inadequate and unsatisfactory as are the existing docks, the trade they accommodate will astound the reader who is unversed in commercial statistics. The number of sailing-ships engaged in foreign trade alone which entered the collection district of the port of New York during the year 1872 was 5,641, with a total tonnage capacity of 3,969,339 tons. These vessels were manned by crews numbering 121,624 men. The number of ocean steam-vessels was 825, with a total tonnage capacity of 2,101,262 tons, and manned by 60,649 men. But, vast as these figures are, they do not represent all the vessels that find harborage around the water-front. The important item of the coastwise trade of New York has yet to be included. In this, 1,746 steamers, with a capacity of 1,509,023 tons, and manned by 6,581 men, are engaged. Thus we find that, in one year, 9,456 vessels entered New York harbor, with a total tonnage capacity of 7,824,411 tons, and with crews numbering 238,484 sailors, or nearly one-fourth of the population of the entire city. When the reader crosses one of the ferries, and views the fringe of shipping, he will have occasion for reflection and wonder, if he bears these figures in mind.

We may choose any hour for a ramble along the docks, but the best is in the morning, for then we can see Commerce arouse from its heavy slumbers, and, limb by limb, unfold and apply itself to the great crank that grinds out the nation's destiny. It is, indeed, well worth while to watch the soft shades of morning breaking over Corlear's Hook, and bringing into clearer relief the entangled masts and rigging that are woven against the receding night-clouds; well worth while to watch the gradual change from night to morning, from a desert-like stillness to a fretful roar; to watch the moonbeams driven from their nooks in the silent warehouses, as shutters are thrust aside, doors opened, and living streams pour through every adjacent street to the water-front. The river, smoothly lapping the piers in darkness, breaks into a surfy tumult, as it is beaten and crossed by paddle and oar. Each stone gives forth a rattle, and the inanimate as well as the animate unreins a restless tongue. Gangways are opened to the grand old clippers, and companies of broad-shouldered, labor-marked men trot from deck to wharf, with baskets and barrows. The night watchmen shuffle homeward to breakfast, with a few others who have been busy during the night, loading and unloading ocean steamships. Again appear the thick-wheeled drays, drawn by powerful horses, and laden with tons of valuable merchandise. From the masses that throng the river-street, one would think that the whole population of the city had business to do by the water-front, each individual actuated by a different purpose and destiny. The elements contend and bustle; yet we see that they are systematic, and that each man's share of the work helps to give the big wheel a turn.

We cannot even mention all the interesting sights to be seen along the line of docks. Starting from Thirty-fourth Street, you will first see the new Manhattan Market, one of the largest structures of its kind in the world. It faces four streets, and is directly on the water-front, with a sufficient depth of water to accommodate the largest steamers. The main building, which is built of red pressed brick, iron, and glass, in the Lombardian style, is eight hundred by two hundred feet in size, and immediately adjoining it is a magnificent plaza for the accommodation of five hundred farm-wagons. The roof is arched, and surmounted by several spires and towers. All things that our commerce and sanitary welfare could require are found in it, but, for some reason, it has not been a success, and the lofty interior is only half filled with tenants. The proprietors—a joint-stock company—are determined not to let their work be devoted to other purposes than those for which it was intended, and we should certainly advise all visitors to include it in their sight-seeing. At the foot of Christopher Street, you will be attracted by a row of very curious-looking oyster-barges. It is here that the trade in the luscious bivalves chiefly

Manhattan Market.

centres, and during the winter months there is not a more lively scene along the water-front of the metropolis than that which is presented by the thousands of oystermen passing to and fro in the delivery of this sea-fruit to the restaurants of the city and the various railroad depots. Oysters are brought from Virginia, and planted for growth in great beds along the Sound, in Prince's Bay, Raritan River, Shrewsbury, and other well-known places, which give a peculiar flavor to the food, and make of it, in the eyes of the customer, a specialty. Oysters of a native growth also abound, and are favorites with the public. Many colossal fortunes have been made in this trade.

Proceeding farther down, with teeming, bustling crowds around us, on the quays and streets, we almost pass under the bowsprits of the immense ocean steamships of the Pacific Mail Company, the Inman line, the White Star line, and the State line, which bring us thousands of tourists and immigrants, and the most valuable freights. Thence a few minutes' walk carries us fairly into the heart of the great produce-trade, which monopolizes West Street, from Canal Street to the Battery, and most of the intersecting streets as far back as Greenwich Street. Flour, meal, butter, eggs, cheese, meats, poultry, fish, cram the tall warehouses and rude sheds, teeming at the water's edge to their fullest capacity. Fruit-famed New Jersey pours four-fifths of its produce into this lap of distributive commerce; the river-hugging counties above contribute their share; and car-loads come trundling in from the West to feed the perpetually hungry maw of the Empire City.

The concentration of this great and stirring trade is to be met with at Washington Market. This vast wooden structure, with its numerous out-buildings and sheds, is an irregular and unsightly one, but presents a most novel and interesting scene within and without. The sheds are mainly devoted to smaller stands and smaller sales. Women with baskets of fish and tubs of tripe on their heads, lusty butcher-boys lugging halves and quarters of beef or mutton into their carts, peddlers of every description, etc., tend to amuse and bewilder at the same time. Some of the produce dealers and brokers, who occupy the little box-like shanties facing the market from the river,

Oyster-Boats.

do a business almost as large as any of the neighboring merchants boasting their five-story warehouses. The interior of the market is well worth a visit, but it needs no description at our hands. Passing on, we soon reach the Battery, and at the foot of Broadway we see the lower terminus of the Elevated Railroad, which represents the nearest solution that has been found for the much-bruited, all-engrossing, rapid-transit problem. The road,

Washington Market—Outside Street-Scene.

Washington Market—Interior.

which has been in operation several years, extends to Thirtieth Street, and is erected on iron columns about twenty feet high. The cars are much the same in appearance as those of an ordinary railroad, except that they are lower in the centre than at the ends, as will be seen in our engraving. Whether the claim that they cannot fall off the track be true or not, no serious accident has yet occurred to them. The motive power is furnished by dummy locomotives.

New York Elevated Railway.

The first docks that we see on the East River, which we reach by passing under the shade-trees of the Battery, are filled with canal-boats. They are comparatively quiet, but the locality is by no means stagnant. It is the depot of the largest proportion of the immense commerce that comes from the Great West, the terminus of the most important of the three national lines of transportation to the Atlantic seaboard. In busy seasons, nearly one hundred and fifty canal-boats arrive here daily, each containing more cargo, according to an eminent engineer, than the average railway train, or more, in the aggregate, than twenty miles of railway trains could carry.

Wall-Street Ferry passed, with its crowds of passengers and vehicles, we glance at a dock full of the fruit-schooners that bring the city oranges, bananas, lemons, and grapes, from the tropics. At the handsome ferry-house of the Fulton Ferry, there is a still greater crowd; and immediately adjoining we find another handsome wooden building, which covers what formerly was one of the most dilapidated sites on the water-front. It is the wholesale fish-market, and was built in 1869, by an association of fishmongers, at a cost of one hundred and twenty-six thousand dollars. Nearly three million dollars' worth of business is done here annually. The vessels back right up to the rear-doors of the market, and discharge their glittering cargoes on the spot.

After passing Roosevelt, Hunter's Point, and Catharine Street Ferries, we are next lost in wonder while contemplating the system of Dry Docks. Marvelously crazy, rotten, twisted, unsightly objects these dry docks are.

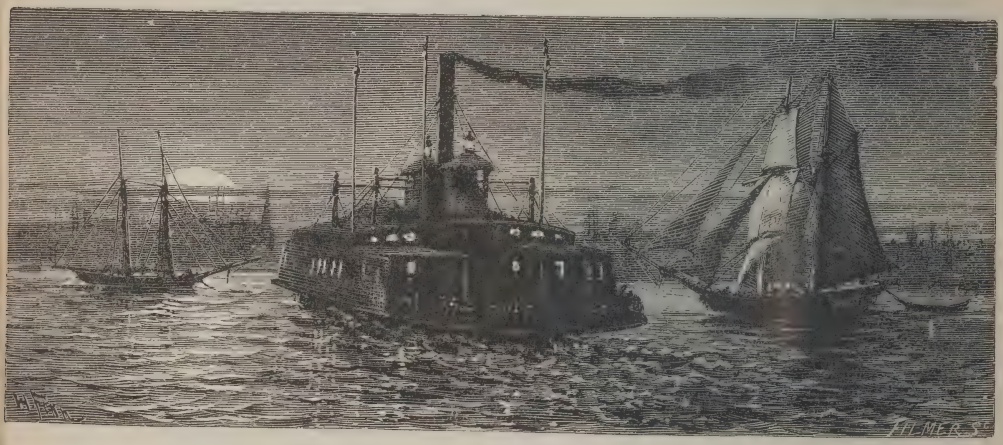
North River Flotilla.

Great ships are lifted up in them naked and unseemly, while scores of busy workmen, with oakum, and tar, and copper, hang about their green, slimy, water-eaten bottoms. This whipping up a tall ship into these great altitudes

Wharf-Scene.

is startling; the dock that supports it looks so frail and rickety, while the ship towers so ominously above you. These docks extend many squares, and then we approach the ship-yards. Alas! they are empty. No more the "clamors of clattering hammers" salute the ear. A few "gnarled and crooked cedar-knees" lie piled about, a few timbers with idle urchins playing about them, and this is all we see of the great industry that once reared so many goodly vessels "that should laugh at all disaster."

Hurrying on, we draw near the iron-founderies and gas-works, and the shipping begins to be less thick and the traffic less noisy. A common sight in this neighborhood is a battered old turret-ship, or an old frigate lying "in ordinary" at moorings. Not only have there been built here the huge boilers and ponderous engines of many an ocean-steamer, but the iron sides of the steamers themselves have been fused, and cast, and shaped, and bolted, and built, on this spot. You note your approach to the works by the overflow of superfluous iron-ware. Vast, rusty, propped-up caverns of iron confront you; abandoned boilers, big enough for church-steeples, incumber all the highways; smaller fragments of iron, of manifold mysterious shapes, lie piled up on every curb-stone. Then appear the tall walls, the great chimneys, and all the horrible confusion of vast work-yards and work-shops. All about is grimy and repulsive. The mud is black with coal-dust; the pools of water dark and dismal; the low, rotten, wretched houses clustering about, damp and sooty; all the faces, and all the walls, and all the posts, and every object, grimy and soiled; while the distracting din of innumerable hammers, "closing rivets up," unites in rendering the whole scene purgatorial. A great industry, a great power, a great source of wealth, is the iron interest, but the manipulation of that indispensable metal has abundant harsh and discordant features. Beyond



Ferry-Boat at Night.

ne iron-works are more ship-yards, more ferries, more vessels, with wharf-building, lot-filling, dirt-dumping, and 'hat-not—but the darkness deepens, and our journey must end. In the morning the roar of the traffic develops owly from an echo. In the evening, when at its extreme pitch, it subsides suddenly. The scenes of strife and mult dissolve, and the throngs disappear, as though an invisible cloak had fallen on each member. The sunset ow touches the water that is at rest. Human energy has burnt itself out for a while, and the calm and cool me as an ever-grateful change. The ships stand out in the blue night. Dimly we see the lively watchmen ncing the decks, and hear their sturdy tramp from stem to stern in the darkness and solitude. Marvelous is the iet of the water-front at night, almost undisturbed by voice or motion, save the plash of the dock-rat's oar, or e thud of an occasional ferry-boat.

## CENTRAL PARK.

If there be any point in New York to which more than another there can be attached an enduring memory, it the attractive and picturesque locality known as Central Park. Less than twenty years ago it was a wild, un-uth domain, the salient objects of which were swamps, bowlders, and huge, knotty projections of rocks, forbid-ng in their aspect, and promising any thing but that wonderful development of beauty which has since become nifest under the skill of the engineer, architect, landscape-gardener, and sculptor. Travelers, who have visited obably every famous park in the world, pronounce eulogiums upon this pride of the American metropolis, which

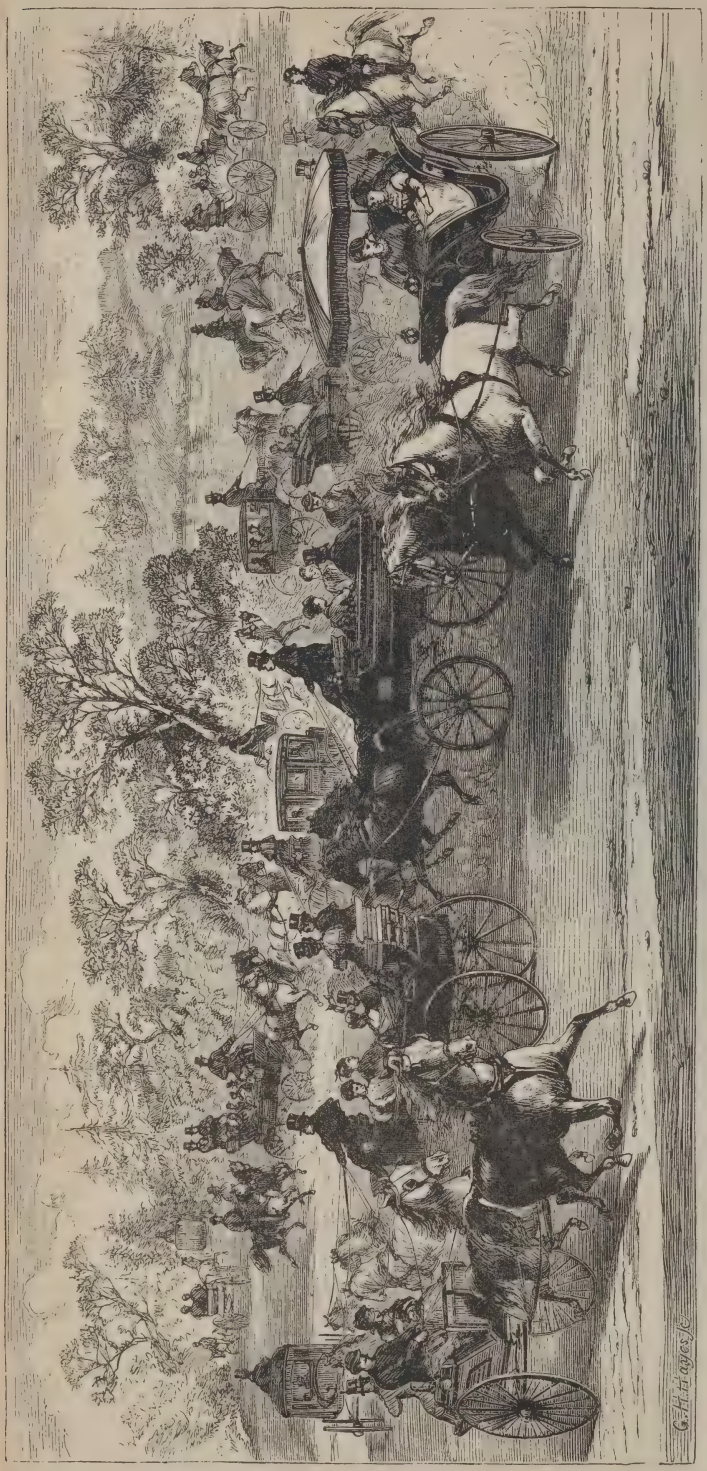
leave no room to doubt that, if it is not already, it will eventually become the most beautiful spot on earth. Its trees may not possess the grandeur of age, and its shrubbery may not yet have attained the luxuriance to be witnessed elsewhere; but, in its grand proportions—embracing as it does eight hundred and forty-three acres, an area which extends from Fifty-ninth Street to One-hundred-and-tenth—in its exquisite lakes, where in summer one may sail in gondolas, and almost be lost among the shady nooks and dells where the swans glide peacefully; in its cozy recesses found by devious paths, its artificial caves, its springs of water flowing from rocks that have been tapped by the rods of modern prophets, its suburban views and villas, its luxurious resting-places for the weary, its rural decorations, its grand lawns and extensive drives on roads that are the perfection of art, its various

Central Park.

amusements offered to the public for a mere trifle of expenditure, its bridges, restaurants, towers, tunnels, and sculptured works, surely there can be no place in Christendom more calculated to appeal to that taste for and sympathy with Nature which exists in the hearts of us all.

Visit it at any hour of a pleasant day, and you will find thousands gathered to enjoy their walks or drives. Music lends its enchantment to the spot in the summer, and in the winter the several lakes are given up to the sports of the skaters and curlers. There is, indeed, no nook or corner in the vast reservation that has not been beautified. And every year witnesses some change, some additional improvement. Hundreds of thousands of dollars are annually expended in this work; and when at last it shall be completed, and it has become a complete treasury of art, science, and natural history, as it now is in part, when the avenues by which it is bounded have been lined with palatial mansions, and grown shadowy with trees, the famed parks of ancient Europe will pale before the beauty and magnificence of that which is even now the wonder and admiration of the civilized world.

Central Park is essentially a democratic place. It was created for the enjoyment of the people, and, when you drive there on a Saturday or Sunday afternoon, you will see a brilliant and ever-changing pageant, such as you will not find elsewhere. The most expensive vehicles of the wealthy classes will be mingled with the humbler barouche that has been hired for the occasion by a family pleasure-party, or perhaps you may find yourself side by side with the grocery-wagon of some sturdy German who has brought his *frau* and little ones to enjoy the



Central-Park Drives.

stirring scene, and is *en route* to the lager-bier saloons of the upper portions of the island. Every thing, in fact, belongs to the living panorama, from the nurse and baby-wagon to the old-fashioned rockaway of the Westchester farmer, and the *landau* of the *demi-monde*. Fast horses and many of the celebrities of the city are frequent visitors to the Park, and perhaps it is the best of all localities in New York wherein to observe the characteristic phases of out-of-door metropolitan life.

Yet one cannot see the Park to advantage from a carriage-window. You must go on foot. Then you may inspect to advantage the Terrace that leads down to the Lake—its exquisite architectural embroidery and façade. And you will enjoy the leafy shades of the Ramble, and the Cave—the most picturesque bit in the Park—and the Belvedere, whence may be obtained a wide view of this splendid pleasure-ground.

You will also see, in that handsome building near the Fifth Avenue, the Menagerie, with its in-door and out-door collection of wild animals — lions, tigers, panthers, wolves, bears, monkeys, squirrels, opossums, kangaroos, sea-lions, ostriches, camels, and a hundred other curiosities.

The aviary contains a very fair collection of birds, more particularly some fine specimens of the American eagle.

You will also find a museum of natural history, in which there are some of the finest collections of rare birds, animals, and insects, that are embraced under any roof in America. This de-

Menagerie, Central Park

partment is always a source of interest, and the collection, although only recently commenced, is already one of the largest and finest in this country. It is yet in its germ, however, but increasing so rapidly that the Park Commissioners have commenced the erection of a larger and more suitable building for the purpose. This building, the foundation-stone of which was laid by President Grant in June, 1874, will be known as the American Museum of Natural History. It will occupy nineteen acres of ground, between Seventy-seventh and Eighty-first

Museum of Natural History, Central Park.

Aviary, Central Park.

Streets, and Eighth and Ninth Avenues, and will include a meteorological and astronomical observatory, a museum of natural history, and a gallery of art. The total cost will be about six million dollars, and the collection, when complete, will be second to none in the world.

## *BROOKLYN.*

A day may be well spent in visiting this sister city, for it contains many objects of local and historical significance, to say nothing of the pleasant drives that abound in its suburbs. It is connected with New York by numerous ferries, but that which is most largely thronged is the Fulton Ferry, because the various street-car lines converge at the landing on the Brooklyn side, and thence distribute their passengers to every portion of the city.

In a few years the great bridge, now in course of construction across the East River, will be completed, and then good-by to the present mode of navigation. The monster piers, on either side, are going up, and the floor of the bridge, when laid, will be above the tops of the tallest masts.

Leaving the ferry-house, which is an ornate and representative institution of the kind, as will be indicated by the illustration, the visitor will be tempted to proceed directly to Greenwood Cemetery, the most beautiful "city of the dead" in the world. It is reached by numerous lines of cars, and at all seasons of the year, but particularly during the summer, when its undulating surface is covered with verdure, it will be found picturesque and lovely. Many of the monuments are not only expensive, but exquisite in design and execution. The hills of Greenwood were one of the battle-grounds of the Revolution.

An afternoon may also be delightfully spent in driving through Prospect Park. With just pride the Brooklynites claim that this great breathing-spot surpasses in natural advantages its older rival across the river, and there are certainly features of forest and plain, of hill and dale, of rolling ground, and extent of scenery, which, with the unbiassed visitor, will entitle it to the palm. The work of laying out the Park was not commenced until the month of June, 1866, and the progress made is surprising. The ground was purchased at an outlay of about four million dollars, and the total cost of the ground and construction will probably amount to over nine million dollars.

Prospect Park, Brooklyn.

UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS
LIBRARY

Fulton Ferry-House, Brooklyn.

The area of ground embraced within its limits covers five hundred and ten acres. The principal entrance, on Flatbush Avenue, known as the Plaza, is paved with Belgian pavement, and ornamented in the centre with a fine fountain, a statue of the late President Lincoln, and bordered by grassy mounds decorated with shrubbery. The "drives" extend over a distance of eight miles, besides which there are three and a half miles of bridle-roads. The pathways and rambles for pedestrians are lined with trees, and amply supplied with drinking-fountains, arbors, and rustic shelters. The lake covers an area of sixty-one acres, all of which are in winter allotted for skating.

The highest point—Lookout Carriage Concourse, seven-eighths of an acre in area—is a hundred and eighty-six feet above the ocean-level, and the view from its summit, on a clear day, is unsurpassed. Thence can be seen the Highlands of Neversink, Staten Island, the Kill von Kull, Hills of Orange, the Palisades, etc. An observatory is erected on this elevation, one hundred feet high.

Elegant resorts are provided for ladies, children, and invalids, where wholesome milk, tea, and other simple refreshments, may be obtained.

A grand boulevard is now in course of construction, from the park to the ocean, two hundred and ten feet wide, and six miles long.

Within the city proper, a drive through Clinton Avenue will be found charming. It is lined with embowered villas, handsome gardens, and shade-trees.

Washington Park, in this vicinity, formerly known as Fort Greene, is another object of attraction, and the view from its heights is both commanding and beautiful. It is the site of one of the Revolutionary fortifications.

The Navy-Yard, with its great ships and machinery, will naturally induce a visit from those who are not familiar with this department of the public service.

The City Hall, at the junction of Fulton, Court, and Joralemon Streets, is a noble structure, built of white marble, in the Ionic style, with six columns supporting the roof of the portico. It is surmounted by a dome, the top of which is one hundred and fifty-three feet from the ground. It stands in a busy centre, about a mile from Fulton Ferry, with the Academy of Music, and other public buildings, near it.

In the same vicinity is a vault, which contains thirteen coffins, holding the remains of the ill-fated prisoners of war who died on the terrible prison-ships, and were interred on the adjacent shores of the Wallabout. The vault was completed in 1808, when a grand funeral procession, composed of the societies and citizens of New York and Brooklyn, celebrated the event. It was intended to erect a handsome testimonial over the vault, but sixty-six years have elapsed, and yet no enduring monument has been raised to the memory of those martyrs for freedom.

Jones's Wood.

## THE SUBURBS AND VICINITY.

In respect to number, variety, ease, and cheapness of access, the inducements offered to the pleasure or fresh-air seeker of the metropolis are almost unequalled.

Mountain and valley, stream and sea, can be reached in an hour by a pleasant ride or a delightful sail. Game for the huntsman, fish for the angler, gardens for the convivial, splendid watering-places for the rich and fashionable, leafy quiet and green seclusion for the temporary hermit from the world of noisy action—all can be secured with little expenditure and loss of time. And all are eagerly sought, in the proper season, by our own citizens and the thousands of strangers who throng our mammoth hotels, according to the means or inclinations of the votary of pleasure.

Let us first "do" Manhattan Island itself; for, though entirely incorporated in the city of New York, the northern portion possesses enough genuine rusticity to satisfy us during the brief period we may consume in our careless quest. A ride of three-quarters of an hour in the Third Avenue street-cars will bring us to Sixty-eighth Street, at which point rises the handsome iron structure of the railroad company, and, turning to our right, we approach the leafy coast of Lager Bier.

At Sixty-eighth Street, east of First Avenue, commences Jones's Wood, still the favorite picknicking resort of the masses of our German population and others. If it happens to be a day of some great festival, such as the National Sängerfest, or the Schützen Corps, the road, as we approach the entrance to the Park, will be lined with booths, pedlars, mendicants, and execrable street-musicians. Happy Teutons, with varihued ribbons and gilt badges on their coat-flaps, dance hither and thither, glad and good-natured in their "little brief authority."

The throngs pour up the middle of the road and along the earthen sidewalks—men, women, and children with the irrepressible baby in the arms of the father—and, buying our ticket, or presenting our pass at the gate we are in the wood, and proceeding up the coolly-shaded paths toward the river-side.

We hear the crack of the marksman's rifle, or the full, deep-throated German chorus, according to the nature of the festival; and the sounding harmonies of two or three brass bands, no matter which it may be.

Then we see the hotel and the great wooden pavilion, overlooking the near-flowing stream. Then we are among the dancing-stands, the beer-booths, the hobby-horse platforms, the lofty swings, the pistol-galleries, the bowling-alleys, and the four or five thousand merry-makers.

Round and round to the wild waltz-music skip the rosy, robust frauleins and gretchens with their lovers and their beaux. Skirts are flowing and laughter ringing from the rushing swings. Mounted by freshness and beauty the hobby-horses fleet around the limits of their little arena; the kiss of balls from the billiard and bagatelle tables, their roll and crash from the bowling alleys, and the perpetual clink, clink of glasses from the bars and booths, join in convivially with the music and the lisping of the slippered foot of the dancer; and a stroll of but a few yards down to the steep river-marge gives upon the swirling stream, with Blackwell's Island immediately opposite, schooners winging their way to and fro in the intervening currents, with perhaps a noble steamer or excursion-barge from the Sound.

Nearly all of the trades unions and benevolent societies hold their annual picnics at this place, and the Caledonian Society have celebrated their peculiar games here for a number of years.

We can proceed Harlemward by either the Second or Third Avenue Railroad line; and, choosing the latter, because it also takes us through Yorkville—no longer distinct from either the main city or Harlem—we have, on our right, a view of the river and its island-chain, with the intervening flats of green and ooze, which must ere long be entirely filled in and built over; and, on our left, the cozy, old-fashioned, garden girt houses, which, years ago, were the summer homes of metropolitan fashion and wealth. The broad streets of Harlem are laid out at right angles, most of the buildings are of frame, and they are generally indicative of neatness and unobtrusive thrift, rather than of pretension.

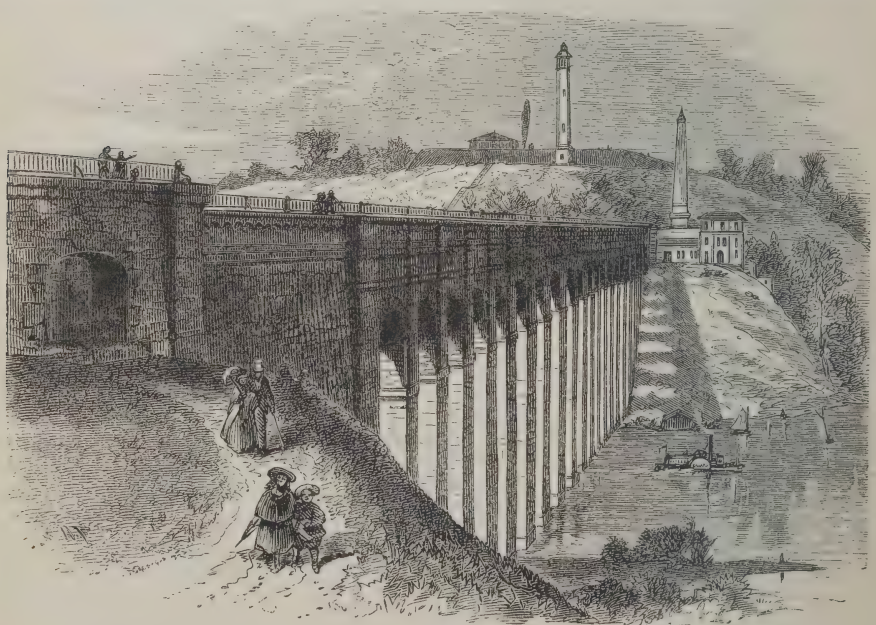
The new Harlem Bridge, which is built of iron, is a rather clumsy-looking structure, and has cost the counties of New York and Westchester about double what it should have done; but it is certainly an immense improvement over the rickety old wooden affair which it superseded. Just above it is the railroad bridge, over which almost constantly trundle the trains of the Harlem River and New Haven Railroads.

At this point and vicinity, both above and below the bridges, a large number of boats and little smacks are constantly moored in the fishing-season, and a pleasant row on the smooth bosom of the delightful little river may be enjoyed at a small expense. These, with the expansive water-view looking toward the mouth of the stream, with the salt, seaweedy smell of the tides as they wash through the long grasses of the flats, serve to render the place picturesque and agreeable, and thousands seek the vicinity, by boat and rail, on holidays and summer Sundays.

But the famous High Bridge is the chief object of our quest in this locality. It can be reached in several ways—by the Harlem River excursion-steamers, which touch at several East River slips and piers on the way up and down; by a small-boat, if you care for a two-mile tug at the oars; by the Harlem River Railroad, from the Grand Central Depot on the corner of Forty-second Street and Fourth Avenue; or by a five or six dollar hack-drive, through Central Park and the roads beyond.

If we go by water, we shall pass the old-fashioned tavern and grounds of McComb's Dam—once a favorite halting-place with the owners of fast teams, but of late given up to the training of prize-fighters, *et al.*, and long since cast in the shade by the more opulent and fashionable houses on the other side of the stream. As we proceed up the river, the banks on either side grow more bold and precipitous, and a single turn in our course gives us a full view of High Bridge itself.

The material employed in erecting this magnificent structure—the most important connected with the Croton Aqueduct—is granite throughout. It spans the whole width of the valley and river, from cliff to cliff, at a point where the latter is six hundred and twenty feet wide, and the former a quarter of a mile. It is composed of eight arches, each with a span of eighty feet, and the elevation of the arches gives one hundred feet clear of the



High Bridge.

river from their lower side. There are, besides these, a number of arches rising from the ground, with an average span of forty-five feet each. The water is led over the bridge, a distance of fourteen hundred and fifty feet, in immense iron pipes, as great in diameter as the stature of a tall man, and over all is a pathway for pedestrians. On the lofty bank at the lower extremity of the bridge is situated a fine hotel, whose airy saloons and broad porticoes are, in pleasant weather, thronged with people, refreshing themselves after their drives.

On the high bank of the Harlem River, at One-hundred-and-sixty-ninth Street, a little below the High Bridge, is the site of the elegant mansion of Colonel Roger Morris, and the headquarters of General Washington during active operations in this portion of the island. The situation is one of the most picturesque around New York, and commands a fine view of Harlem and Harlem River, Long Island Sound, Flushing, and Astoria, with the green fields of Long Island beyond. The mansion subsequently became the property of the widow of the celebrated Colonel Aaron Burr, better known as Madame Jumel, the name of her first husband.

Beyond Harlem are a number of towns of interest—Mott Haven, Melrose, Morrisania, Tremont, and Fordham, all belonging to New York City. Woodlawn Cemetery, on the line of the railroad, six miles above Harlem, contains three hundred acres of undulating and beautiful grounds, under rapid improvement. It can be reached by rail or by Central Avenue, direct from Macomb's Dam—an avenue soon to be macadamized, set out with trees, etc., and made one of the finest drives in the country.

An excursion up East River, as far as Throgg's Point, sixteen miles from the city, will afford a pleasing and interesting panorama of both wave and shore.

Passing the ship-thronged wharves and docks of the metropolis on the one hand, and the Brooklyn Navy-Yard on the other, we soon have a capital view of Blackwell's, Ward's, and Randall's Islands, with their imposing institutions for the correction or alleviation of some of our social evils—one or two of them the most complete edifices of their kind in the country, and, rushing through the swirling waters of the Gate, the pleasant and picturesque villages of Astoria and Flushing are soon in sight upon the Long Island shore. The academy and botanic gardens of the former are worthy a visit, and an interesting feature of its location is the singular whirlpool of Hell Gate, which is strongest and most turbulent at this point. For several years the engineer officers of the United States have been engaged in subaqueous operations here, with the view of removing the dangerous rocks that lie in the pathway of vessels, and one of the most interesting points that the stranger can visit is the great cave under the water at Hell Gate that is being blasted out preparatory to the final explosion that is intended to clear away the obstructions.

Flushing, at the entrance of Long Island Sound, also contains extensive gardens, nurseries, and numerous elegant residences, and may be reached by rail from Hunter's Point.

Blackwell's Island, East River.

Insane Asylum, Residence of the Warden, Blackwell's Island.

Continuing our sail in this direction, we are soon off Throgg's Point. This is the termination, at Long Island Sound, of Throgg's (or Throgmorton's) Neck, and, from the summit of the bold headland which divides East River from the Sound, a noble prospect is obtained. The little archipelagoes of green and rocky islets gleam brightly in the sunshine or appear and disappear strangely in the foggy morning, and, with the broken and wooded Westchester shore, eight or ten miles away, form a sunrise or a sunset scene in the spring or fall of the year which has often attracted the pencils of our most prominent sketchers. The fishing among these islands is also most excellent, especially for sea-bass and blackfish.

Fort Schuyler, on the Point, and Pelham Bridge—both interesting and romantic localities—may likewise be embraced in this excursion.

Let us now, in as regular order as we can arrange our pleasure-search, take an excursion-boat (there are any number of them in fine weather) at one of the lower North River piers, and breast the bosom of the glorious Hudson, world-famed for its matchless scenery, and appropriately styled the Rhine of America. The reminiscences of our Revolutionary struggle hallow its dark waters, and, all along its craggy shores, quaint legendary lore is mingled with memories of the heroic deeds of our forefathers.

Its elegant aquatic palaces—the steamers plying between the metropolis and the towns and cities along its wild and lovely shores—are unequalled for magnificence and completeness. As our vessel quits the dock, we first pass the Elysian Fields of Hoboken, Weehawken Bluff, and Bergen Heights, on the west, and the long line of city wharves and factories on the east.

A little farther up rises Fort Lee, a rocky bluff which commences the Palisades, extending some twenty-five or thirty miles up the river, and then striking inland. Fort Lee has of late become a favorite resort of excursionists and picnic-parties. It has a fine hotel, and the surrounding scenery contains all the enchantment of combined ruggedness and beauty. On the opposite shore is still to be seen the island of Manhattan, which on this side runs up into the long, rocky point terminating at Spuyten Duyvel Creek.

The western shore is of the tertiary formation, while the island is composed of primitive granite. Among other public buildings to be seen garnishing the edge of the latter, as we proceed up the river, are the Orphan Asylum and the Lunatic Asylum.

Manhattanville is next visible, embosomed in a soft valley, and surrounded by hills. This was the home of Audubon, the celebrated naturalist.

Next comes Carmansville, a cluster of rural residences, nine miles from the city proper, and a favorite with New-Yorkers as a suburban retreat.

Fort Washington, a bold and rocky height, fraught with Revolutionary associations, springs before us, a mile farther up. This place, now presenting a large number of elegant country seats, was the scene of a sanguinary encounter with the invading army, in which the Americans lost some two thousand prisoners.

We are now fairly among the Palisades, those irregular walls of trap-rock, springing in rude, stern columns from Nature's hand, and forming lofty precipices at the river's brink on either side. They are indescribably wild and beautiful. In some places may be seen, poised aloft, enormous masses of rock, apparently just trembling on the fall, and whose fall, it would seem, might cause the solid globe itself to quiver to its base. Hardy stunted trees cling to the bare ledges and corrugated sides with their grapnel-roots; wild flowering vines sometimes twine the dark rocks almost to their dizzy summits; and now and then a white cottage may be seen set like a star against the frowning walls, or perched on high, like an eagle's nest. Here and there a break will occur, and stretching through the gap, with Titanic buttresses on either side, the enchanted vision penetrates a wondrous scene of lake and inlet, reaching far inland, and losing themselves among the misty mountains of the background, like a dream. Wild birds scream above the heights, and vanish strangely in the ragged foldings of the drifting fogs; and the white-winged vessels, floating on the bosom of the shadowed stream, appear like tiny fairy craft.

The romantic little village of Yonkers, on the eastern side, sixteen miles from the metropolis, is a great resort as a rural retreat. Hastings is the next place of historical note; and here the Palisades begin to recede from the river. Dobb's Ferry, also a favorite resort, and an important spot in Revolutionary times, is on the same side. We next come to Sunnyside, the "Wolfert's Roost" of Washington Irving, whose "Sketch-Book" you, like enough, hold in your hand at this moment. But the lovely and antique villa is scarcely visible from the water, it is so deeply bowered in the trees.

Tappan Village, with its spreading bay and noble scenery, is the next place of interest, which is redoubled from the fact of its having been the headquarters of General Washington, and the place of Major André's execution, in 1780.

Tarrytown (twenty-six miles from New York) is famed as the place of André's capture, by Paulding and his comrades, the spot being indicated by a monument, erected about three-quarters of a mile north of the town.

"Sleepy Hollow," the scene of Ichabod Crane's adventure with the "Galloping Hessian," in Irving's "Legend of Sleepy Hollow," is about two miles distant, and will be found to be in excellent keeping with the story; the quietude of enchantment reigning everywhere, only disturbed, or rather lulled to deeper slumber, by the low murmur of the mill-stream.

Among the more picturesque and interesting localities between this spot and West Point, are Sing Sing, Verdritege's Hook (a bold headland, on the summit of which is a lovely lake, the source of the Hackensack River); Croton Village, with its river which supplies New York with water, and its celebrated Dam; Stony Point, the site of the Revolutionary fort of that name; Verplanck's Point; Peekskill; Caldwell's Landing, situated at the base of the Dunderberg; and Buttermilk Falls, a narrow but picturesque cataract of about two hundred feet fall.

We now reach West Point, distant fifty miles from the city, and affording, doubtless, some of the most magnificent series of scenery in America. We say *series*, because a twenty-minutes' walk in almost any direction will present a scene totally varied and distinct from those which preceded it. Looking across the river, we have the water-view below the bluffs, and the gently-rolling land and happy farms of Putnam County, with enough of the Highlands upon its side to back the view with vigor and effect. To the northward, a gap in the stern hills allows the view to wander almost to Cornwall; and the varied mountain scenery, looking inland, from any point of eminence, is so wild and lovely as to demand the brush and easel, rather than the pen, to furnish an adequate delineation.

The Military Academy, the chief attraction to the visiting stranger, is one of the noblest institutions of the United States Government; and the beautiful grounds attached are laid out with singular elegance and taste.

Nearly every spot in this vicinity is full of historic interest. Fort Clinton occupied the site of the Academy itself. The ruins of Fort Putnam and others are still to be seen; and near the steamboat-landing is the rock from which the chain was stretched across the river in the Revolutionary War.

Cozzens's Hotel, a fashionable watering-place, is in the immediate vicinity of West Point. It is a large porticoed building, and occupies a lofty and picturesque position above the river.

And so on to the Katskills, also haunted by the legendary lore which Irving has left imperishable, with a dozen intervening objects of historical interest and splendid scenery, we can while away the delicious hours of our river-excursion, with a vivid panorama which must recur in many a dream and after-thought.

By another excursion, we may visit some of the very pleasant localities of Long Island and New Jersey.

A railroad jaunt of half an hour, by either the New Jersey or New Jersey Central Railroad, will bring us to the quaint old town of Elizabeth. It was built in 1664, and is one of the oldest, if not the very oldest settlement in the State of New Jersey. It has many handsome dwellings, and the beautifully-arranged streets are garnished with rich foliage. This and a number of other towns on the railway lines have of late years become very popular with New-Yorkers, as places for permanent residence, and real estate in their vicinity has advanced in price incredibly.

Jerome Park.

If the visitor to Elizabeth proceeds by the New Jersey Railroad, he will pass through Newark, though the stoppages here are so brief as to allow him scant time for the inspection of that large and important city. If he takes the Central line, he will have a fine water-view nearly all the way, and will cross Newark Bay—a noble sheet of water—on probably the longest railroad bridge in the world.

From Newark, Orange is only four miles distant, and a drive through this picturesque town, or an excursion to the top of Orange Mountain, through the beautiful Llewellyn Park, is a very charming trip. The view from Orange Mountain is very fine, extending to New York Bay, and having the far-off Trinity steeple as one of its distant objects. The country around Orange is very picturesque, is well wooded, is marked by very old orchards, quaint, embowered cottages, and other evidences of a long settlement.

A little longer jaunt will bring us to Paterson, and the Falls of the Passaic. The water is not of great volume, but its tumbling leap over rocky precipices into the narrow ravine makes it one of the most romantic cascades to be found.

Paterson is also famous for its annual races, and, when the great meetings take place, the town and its suburbs are crowded with turf-lovers from the metropolis and all over the country.

And, while we are on the subject of racing, we may as well dispose of the large and fashionable grounds which have in a measure thrown all rivals in the shade—those known as Jerome Park.

The sport of horse-racing, for which the Anglo-Saxon Celtic race throughout the world seems to have an irrepressible passion, was never conducted on a thoroughly systematic basis and in such a way as to render it at once popular and fashionable, until Mr. Jerome and the gentlemen associated with him took the matter in hand. They have succeeded in giving a zest and brilliancy to these affairs that were never before known in the United States, not even at the most enthusiastic demonstrations for which New Orleans, Charleston, St. Louis, and Mobile, have in former times been famous. Our artist has caught one of the most exciting episodes connected with a contest between high-mettled champions of the turf with a graphic felicity that could not be equalled by even the realistic details of the photograph. There is not any part of it which does not give evidence of fine artistic faculty. The dim perspective, typical of a level expanse of fertile fields; the easy rendering of the handsome extent and finish of the Club buildings on the left; the marvellous idea given of a colossal crowd on the grand stand, and of the multifarious congregation between that point and the striking groups in the foreground. These foreground groups are, though, the feature of the picture. Every type of character to be found on a race-course is here individualized. The party of young "swells" mounted on an aristocractic four-in-hand "drag" is the prominent apex of the design; the Washington-Market boy, with spirited steed harnessed to the market-dray of his craft, he looking as though telling you in the immortal language of Keyser, "if you didn't believe he was a butcher, to smell of his boots;" the gay coterie of gamblers and their female companions in their hired barouche—the "cut" of the driver indicating the "turnout" is from a livery-stable; the eager betting-men disputing over the chances of their favorite animals; the pickpocket being escorted by a policeman to the rear, and the general public, only anxious to behold the race, rushing for places where a good sight can be had—all these points are masterly, and tell more than any pen can do.

Jamaica, Long Island, is a pleasant old rural town, which may be reached three or four times a day, by the Long Island Railroad at Hunter's Point. Besides possessing many handsome residences, and other objects of interest, it is the highway of communication to Hempstead, Greenport, Rockaway, and Montauk.

Rockaway has several large hotels, and its famous beach is, probably, the finest for sea-bathing in the world.

Flushing is a very charming town, situated on Flushing Bay, and reached either by steamboat or rail. The former starts from near Peck Slip, and the cars run from Hunter's Point, which connect by ferries with Thirty-fourth Street and James Slip, East River.

Bay Side, situated about four miles from Flushing, is a delightful place for a day's excursion; the scenery is beautiful, and the bay is famous for its clams—a roast or chowder served up in primitive style being one of the features of the place. This place can be reached by private conveyance only, but which can be obtained at Flushing at moderate charges.

Staten Island, whose beautiful green hills, embosoming so many pleasant towns and elegant villas, guard the western side of the Narrows, also affords some exquisite scenery. The three ferry-landings, fronting on the Bay, are very popular, more especially among the poorer and middle classes, as places of Sunday and holiday resort; and the towns of Richmond, New Brighton, and others, with their adjacent clusters of elegant mansions and country-seats, are full of attraction.

The lower, or Jersey-facing, side of the island is best reached by taking the boat which leaves the North River pier near the Battery, and plies through the Kills, as the long sea-inlets separating the island from Jersey are termed.

Just before entering them, we pass the neat and pleasant buildings of Sailors' Snug Harbor—looking snug and cosy enough to satisfy almost any weary mariner upon the sea of life. The shores of the island facing the Kills are garnished with even more fine country-seats than the other side, and the waters are favorite offings for our yachtmen and boating-parties. Vast plantations of oysters are cultivated here, and the fleets of oyster-boats and fishing-smacks give animation to the pleasant scene. Elm Park, on the shore of the island, about an hour's sail from the city, is finely situated, and was once a favorite place for temporary resort for all classes; but the rowdy element has possessed it almost entirely for the past few years.

While in the Kills, we can enter Raritan Bay, and proceed to quaint old Perth Amboy, so named from its having been originally chartered to the Earl of Perth, in 1683. It is a neat and picturesque watering-place, and, with Shrewsbury and one or two other ports, forms a sort of headquarters of the fishing and oyster trade. Many years ago the Perth Amboians cherished the hope that their port was destined to be the metropolis of the continent; and there are still to be found some old fossils of the past—amphibious *habitués* of the dilapidated tap-rooms—who vaunt the wealth and commerce of their little town as incomparably superior to Manhattan Island.

An excursion through the Narrows, round the outer Bay to the New Jersey Highlands, and up the Navesink River, affords equal pleasure and interest.

This is the route usually taken by the Long Branch steamers, communicating with the railroad leading to that

Coney Island.

fashionable sea-side resort. In warm weather these boats are crowded with fashionables of both sexes, and long trains of cars are kept running almost constantly to the great hotels which line the beach for over a mile.

The Highlands of New Jersey afford the finest and boldest ocean-front presented by that State. The scenery is mostly rugged and wild, but many pleasant hotels are crouched upon the beach, between the headlands and the sea, with every facility for boating, fishing, and still-water sea-bathing. Numerous picturesque boat-houses, belonging to clubs or individuals, also add to the beauty of the scene.

Passing up the Navesink, a brief sail with noble scenery on either side, brings us to the pleasant town of Red Bank. It does not boast many imposing or elegant buildings, but is a delightful place, and has one fine hotel, which has a quiet run of custom.

If one wishes a nearer beach than that of Long Branch, the incomparable Coney Island—infinitely better and safer for sea-bathing—is easily accessible.

It can be reached by boat from Pier No. 2, North River, or by cars from Brooklyn.

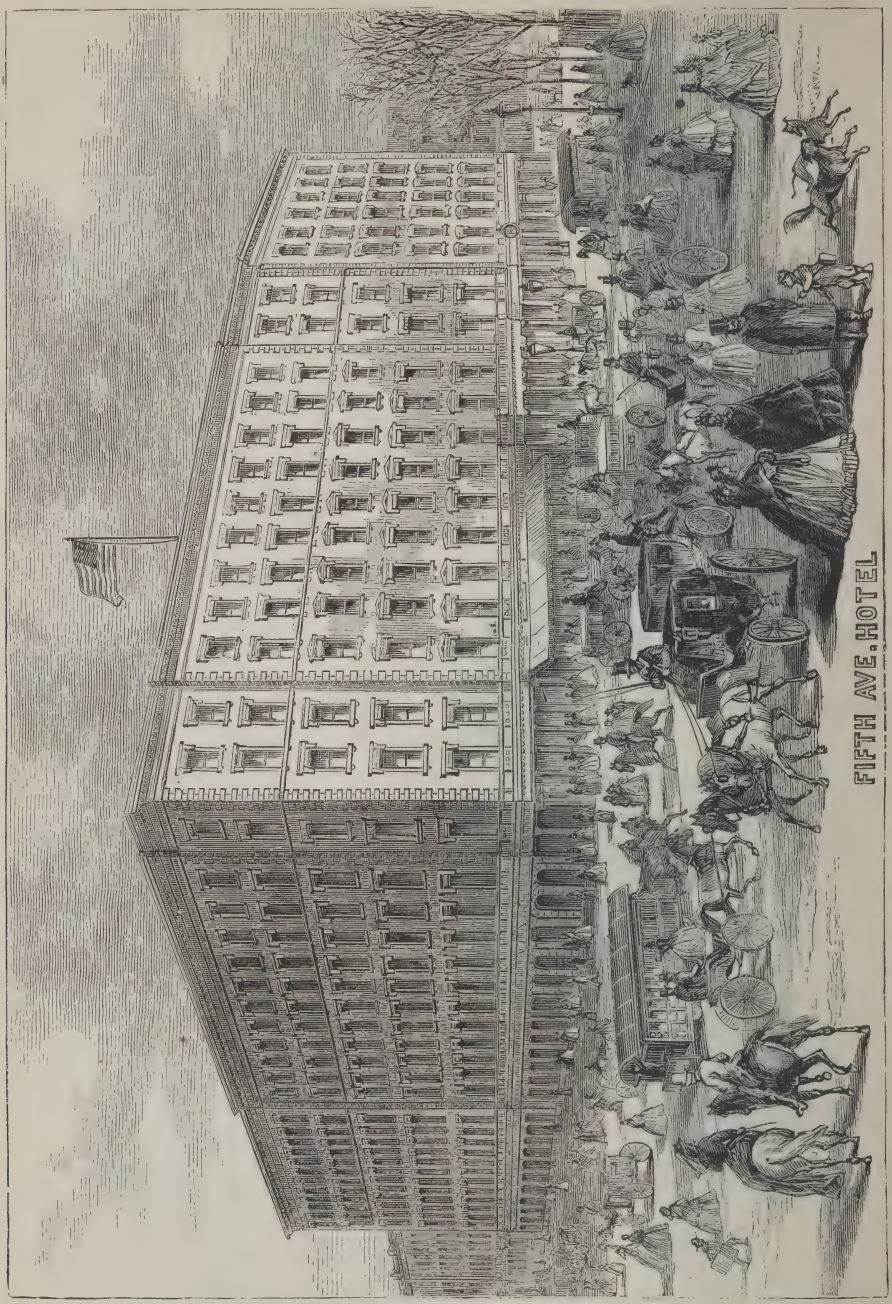
Time was when this sea-girt, barren sand-heap, was the only fashionable sea-bathing resort for New-Yorkers, and when its beach was thronged with the beauty and the refinement of Manhattan Island and Brooklyn. But its nearness to the city and the increasing facilities of reaching it caused it to be speedily monopolized, with few exceptions, by the rougher classes and loose characters, and it was long ago abandoned by the "upper ten" for fresher waves and beaches more remote

But, in the hot season, Coney Island is the great democratic resort—the ocean bath-tub of the great unwashed—and it is even more representative in its way than any of its more aristocratic rivals.

It will be seen, by our enumeration of suburban places, that New-Yorkers are abundantly supplied with opportunities for rural pleasure. The stranger may pass a summer here in excursions to different resorts in the vicinity, and find more variety, more amusement, and more comfort, than he could possibly secure at watering-places. One day he may sail up the North River, another spend on the sea-shore; at one time he may explore the East River, another he may visit our numerous islands. Boats and cars, almost without number, wait hourly upon his pleasure.

*W. H. SCHIEFFELIN & CO.'S, CORNER WILLIAM AND BEEKMAN STREETS.*

W. H. Schieffelin & Co.'s large and well-known drug-house, in William Street, is in one of the most active business centres in the city. Their establishment is the oldest and most extensive in the country; it was originated before the beginning of the present century, and has now the confidence of a vast constituency, extending through all parts of the Union. This vast warehouse, through all its numerous stories, is crowded with goods in every department of their multifarious business, and the stir and bustle of their immense trade would interest and surprise the stranger.




*FIFTH AVENUE HOTEL, NEW YORK.*

The Fifth Avenue Hotel is situated at the junction of Fifth Avenue, Broadway, and Twenty-third Street, directly opposite Madison Square, in now one of the great centres of the metropolis. The building is of marble, with brick partition walls, rendering it fire-proof. It has the reputation of being one of the best hotels in the United States.

## BROOKS BROTHERS' NEW AND OLD CLOTHING-STORES.

One of the finest buildings on Broadway, in its exterior architecture, is that occupied by Brooks Brothers, at the corner of Bond Street, and shown by the illustration on page 17. In the erection of buildings for business purposes, the architect's opportunity for a display of his art is so generally confined to a narrow frontage, and so frequently held in check by the owner's desire to make every brick and stone pay its own proportion of interest, that there is rarely a chance for any exhibition of originality in design, or in the use of materials. Here, however, we have a striking exception. The successful union of solidity and graceful ornamentation, and the effects of color produced by the harmonious combination of the Baltimore brick and Ohio stone, render this a conspicuous corner on Broadway, and lend an additional attraction to the great thoroughfare.

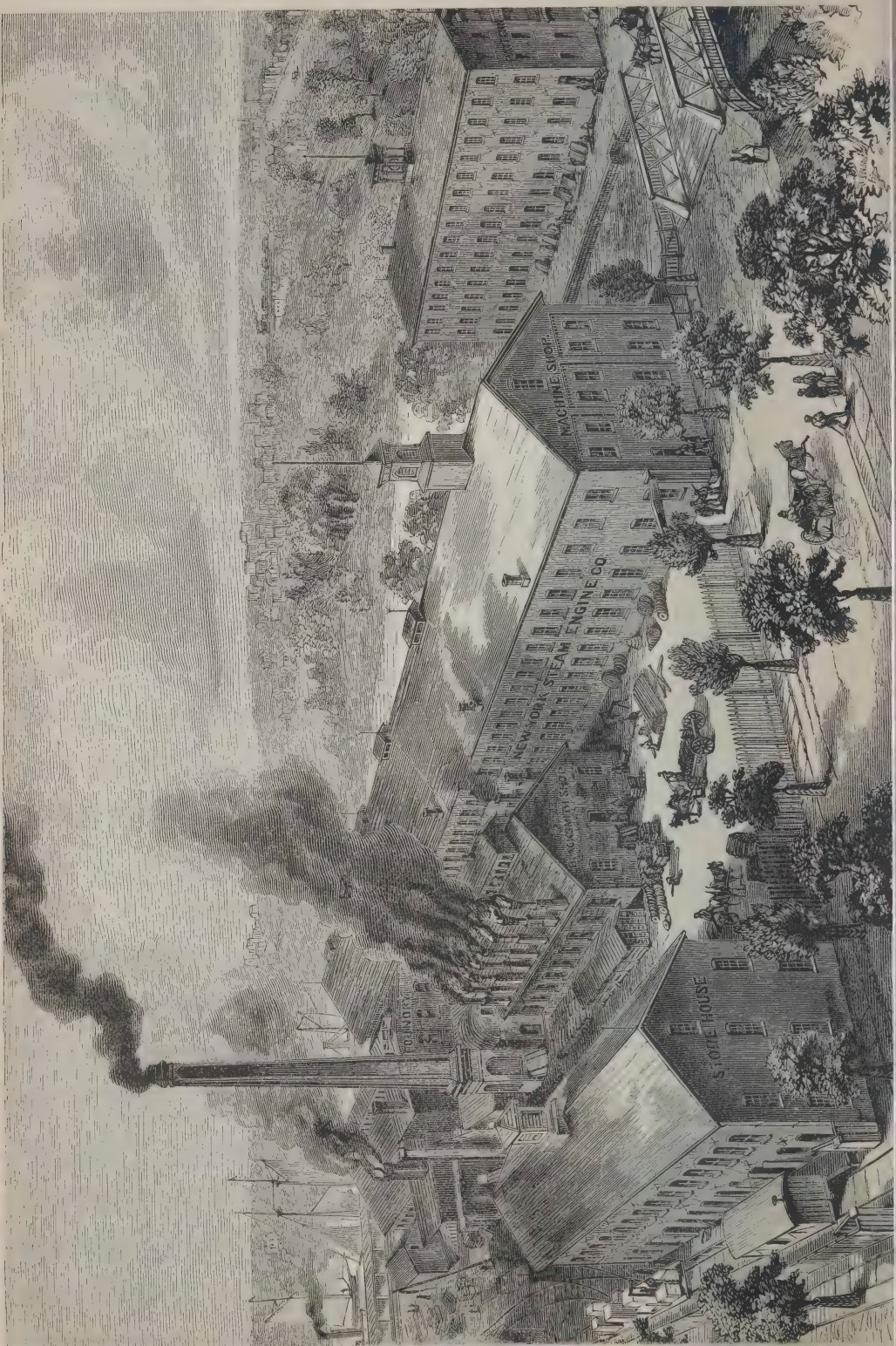
The business now conducted by Brooks Brothers has gradually increased with the growth and development of the city. Beginning in a small way, some sixty years ago, it now embraces, in addition to its extensive trade in ready-made garments, probably the largest business in custom clothing in the United States.

The original stand at the corner of Catherine and Cherry Streets, still occupied by the firm, in connection with their Broadway store, is one of the old landmarks of the east side of the town. As a reminiscence of "Old New York," our readers may find some interest in the following quotation from "Valentine's Manual of the City of New York," published while Messrs. Brooks Brothers were occupying a former place of business at the corner of Broadway and Grand Street:

"It is a peculiarity of a great commercial city, like New York, that trade imparts an historical interest to many of its localities; and that special branches of business luxuriate and send out strong and fresh shoots from particular spots. An interest of this kind attaches to the east side of the town, centring about Catherine Market, in which neighborhood the nautical element has, time out of mind, been peculiarly active; in fact, the east might be called the Salt Side of New York. At the opening of the present century, all along that shore was busy with the ship-yards of Eckford, Burgh, and Ficketts. Vessels were constantly arriving and departing; ship-stores were loading; the sailors' rendezvous along Water and Cherry Streets hummed like a hive, and Jack was plying about to collect necessaries for his chest, and "togs" for his own personal equipment. This last circumstance, and the fact that Catherine Street was then the principal inlet and outlet for Brooklyn, and that Catherine Market was one of the best in town (and preëminent for fish), drew great crowds into that neighborhood.

"About 1810, James Drake, David Logan, John Van Sicklen, Samuel Thompson, and some others, commenced the clothing business in the vicinity of Catherine Market. David Brooks had a store, in 1816, on the corner of Market Street. Henry S. Brooks, in 1817–'18, in the days when that fine specimen of an alderman, George Buckmeister, wore his cue in the board, opened his store on the corner of Catherine Street, which was, in 1845, replaced by the present building. David Brooks and Henry S. Brooks were sons of a physician, Dr. David Brooks, who was born in Stratford, Conn., and settled in New York to practise, on the northwest corner of Catherine and Cherry Streets, and died in 1795, of yellow fever.

"At one period, just previous to 1830, Cherry Street, from James to Market, was the great centre of the clothing-trade, and here some of the first wholesale houses were established. Conspicuous among them was Henry Robinson (with whom was at one time associated Joseph Hoxie). George Opdyke, our late mayor, John J. Cisco, present Assistant Sub-treasurer of the United States in New York, and Robert T. Haws, late controller of the city, were all at one time in the clothing business in Cherry Street, besides a number of others, who were carried by the tide of improvements to other parts of the city and country. After the West began to develop itself, and the grand canal was opened, business gradually worked its way over to the west side of the town. With this movement, Brooks Brothers, the present firm, the sons and successors of Henry S. Brooks, and composed of Daniel H. Brooks, John Brooks, Elisha Brooks, and Edward S. Brooks, participated so far as to establish a new store (coöperating with the one which is still conducted by them on the spot established by their father) of large proportions, on the corner of Broadway and Grand Street. Than this there is no finer, and, we believe, no larger (if there is so large) establishment of the kind in the world. . . . It calls back vividly old times, to look upon the point which represents one of the great landmarks of Catherine Street a generation ago. What a tide passed through that narrow street in those days, hurrying to the shops!—and rising upon the wave, emerging like the mariners in Virgil, here and there, some head which has become famous in one or other of the thousand channels of enterprise which New York and its citizens cut deeper, open wider, and follow with more vigor, than any other people in the world."


MACHINE SHOP
NEW YORK STEAM ENGINE CO
FOUNDRY
STORE HOUSE

## NEW YORK STEAM-ENGINE COMPANY'S WORKS AT PASSAIC, N. J.

The New York Steam-Engine Company commenced business in the early part of 1861. Its manufactory was formerly located in New York City, on the corner of Twenty-third Street and Avenue A. The company also had a branch establishment at Worcester, Mass., but both are now consolidated at the works in Passaic, established in July, 1872, the present managers being Mr. Charles A. Cheever, treasurer, Mr. George O. Dow, secretary, and Mr. John C. Chapman, an accomplished engineer, superintendent. Office in New York, 98 Chambers Street.

Entering the works, we are introduced into an elegant and spacious counting-room, in which the admirable system of book-keeping adopted by the company is conducted, and which enables it to determine the exact cost and profit of even the smallest job of work when executed, and also to determine at any time the entire amount of stock manufactured and in process of manufacture, its situation in the shop, and the particular workman in whose charge it may be at the time.

The works consist of a counting-room, machine-shop, iron-foundery, brass-foundery, blacksmith's shop, pattern storehouse, pattern-shop, flask-shop, sand-sheds, a railway leading from the works to a wharf on the Passaic River, a photograph-house, a wheel-house, and a pump-room, the whole occupying an area of about five acres. The wheel-house contains a 34-inch Leffel wheel, with an extra dip-bucket, and affords about 75-horse power.

The dimensions of the various buildings comprised in the works are as follows: The machine-shop is 375 by 60 feet, and has two stories and an attic; the first and second floors are occupied by machinists' tools and workmen, the attic being used for storage. The iron-foundery occupies an area of 140 by 52 feet. It contains two cupolas, one having a capacity of five tons, and the other of ten tons. The brass-foundery is 52 by 22 feet, and contains four furnaces and pots, each of which has a capacity of 100 pounds. The blacksmith's shop is 28 by 40 feet. This shop is very high, light, and airy, and so thoroughly ventilated that no gas or smoke can inconvenience the workmen. It contains eleven forges and a one-ton-and-a-half steam-hammer.

The pattern-shop is placed at a considerable distance away from the machine-shop and foundery, and is separated from these buildings by the canal which supplies the water-power. It consists of three departments, each 140 by 40 feet. In the basement is located a manufactory of packing-boxes for the shipment of machinery. The first floor is devoted to the storing of heavy patterns, and the second floor to the manufacture of patterns. The third story is used for the storing of light patterns.

We may remark here that the neatness and order observable throughout the entire works are particularly manifested in the pattern-shop. Nothing slovenly is permitted on the part of the workmen, and there are no scraps and accumulations of refuse matter to be found anywhere about the establishment. The engineers' draughting-room, situated directly over the counting-room, is supervised by Mr. William H. Hoffman, who has charge of this department, and who, in connection with several assistants, prepares all the drawings in full detail, with such ample explanations and tables of dimensions as to furnish full directions to each of the workmen, from the pattern-makers to the finishers. The supply-room is situated at the rear of the counting-room. In this room all sorts of small articles are kept which are not made in the establishment, such as standard bolts and nuts, wire, lubricating materials, files, etc. An account of stock is kept in this room, and any thing dealt out to any particular job is charged to that job. In this room the cutting tools for the planers, lathes, etc., are also kept, and, when furnished to the workmen on any particular job, are charged to the workmen, and credited to them when returned.

From the supply-room we enter the lower floor of the machine-shop, where the eye at once penetrates a long vista, flanked by a host of general and special tools of the finest character, and some of them of mammoth size. Upon this floor are placed forty-five lathes, varying in capacity from 14 inches to 6½ feet swing, and in length of bed from 6 feet to 38 feet. All these tools have been manufactured in the works, and we do not hesitate to say that *no plant* in this country can show a finer collection. On this floor are also to be seen twenty-five planers, varying in size from 17 inches square to 6 feet between posts, and from 4 feet to 30 feet in length of bed. On each side of the shop are placed the vises. The entire shop has a capacity for three hundred and fifty men.

The photographic gallery is a handsome building, with ample sky-light 42 by 32 feet, and is supplied with all the apparatus and appliances necessary for photographing at long and short focus, including special instruments necessary for photographing machinery. A branch railway has been laid from the principal railway, which passes through the main floor of the machine-shop down to the wharf, so that when it is desired to photograph any machine, it is run out of the shop on the main track, switched off on the branch, and thus conveyed into the photograph-house. The company make it a rule to take large-sized photographs of every machine for display in their counting-rooms, and also card-sized photographs, which can be inclosed in ordinary business envelopes, and sent in letters of answer to inquiries relative to their machines. With the printed descriptions forwarded with them, the purchaser can obtain almost as good an idea of the machine as though he were actually standing before it.

The Erie Railway Company is laying a spur track from their main line, a distance of about one mile, to the yards of the New York Steam-Engine Company, and terminating at their dock. When this is completed, the works will be in connection with the main thoroughfares of trade, both by water and rail.

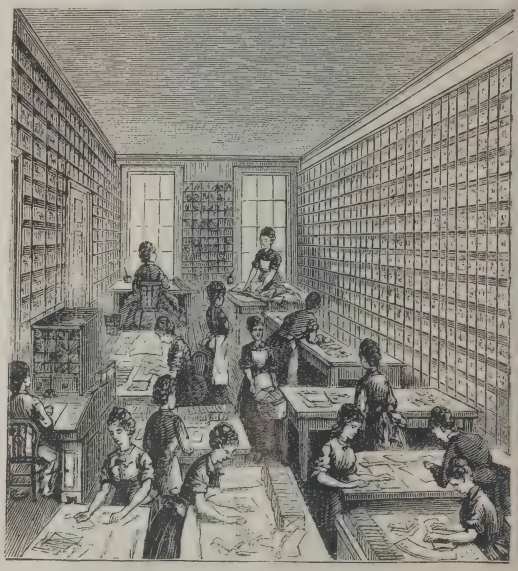
## AN ILLUSTRATION OF AMERICAN ENTERPRISE.

### MME. DEMOREST'S EMPORIUM OF FASHIONS, 17 EAST FOURTEENTH ST., NEW YORK.

A good many curious facts might go to show the rapidity with which American wit reproduces and returns the ideas of the Old World, and leaves them far behind in their development. Perhaps a better view of this may be given by a glance at the history and operations of Mme. Demorest's New York Emporium of Fashions, the house best known not only in this city, but throughout the country.

About twenty years ago, when this house began business, the fashions, in which every woman was interested more or less, reached only the dressmakers of position. To-day a woman buys her pattern with the material for her garment, whether it is a nightgown or a full-trained dress, and with every season she has choice of hundreds of new designs of better fit and fancy. The fret and trouble of long ago, about cutting out children's clothes, and getting them to "set" anyhow, is unknown, for there are exact patterns, with complete instructions, for any age and size, cost-

MME. DEMOREST'S SHOW-ROOM.

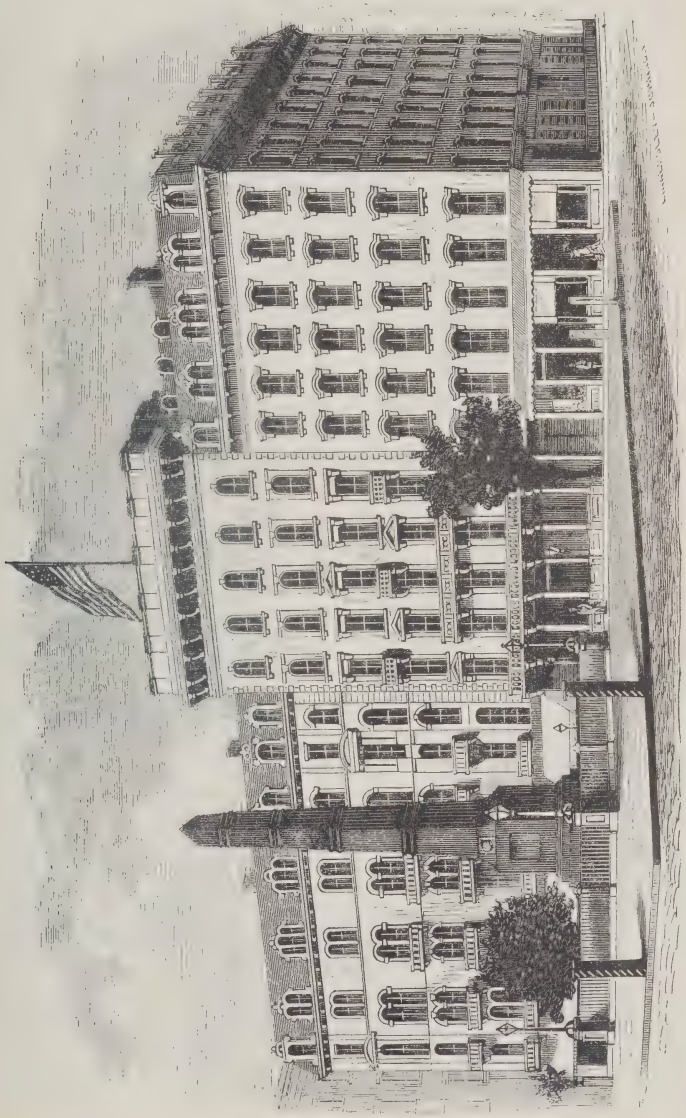


FOLDING AND STOCK ROOM.

ing from ten to thirty cents, and saving a world of time and toil to mothers and dressmakers. To furnish these conveniences for every family that desires them, gives occupation to thousands of agencies. The work of this single house designated, last year, was over two million patterns, sent throughout Canada and the States, to Germany and Cuba, Sandwich Islands, as well as other parts of both continents. It was always a matter of curiosity to know how so many patterns could be cut. Imagine, if you please, the labor to be gone through with each pattern of from two to a dozen pieces, to be shaped, adjusted, notched, folded, and put into the envelope. Curiosity was appeased by an exploration of the establishment in question. The various branches of a large business, modeling, cutting, and storing patterns, and publishing a journal, a business now condensed with system into one spacious house on Fourteenth Street, whose bay-windows, taking in the entire front of the drawing-rooms, are a few steps from the fashionable promenade past Union Square. A handsomer business-room is not to be found in New York than the great show-room, the walls lined with pigeon-holes filled with patterns. Up one flight is the boudoir of the head of the establishment, surrounded by a corps of lady assistants, designers, writers, and cutters. Opening into it is the sanctum of the editor of the fashion journal. Beyond and above the pattern business goes on. The large cutting-room contains perhaps a dozen heavy tables, on which are spread sheets of manilla paper of the largest size, elephant folio, without crease, in layers. The model of each part of a pattern cut in stiff paper is laid on the pile of sheets. It takes a practised hand to cut through the whole thickness, 120 patterns at once. It is the work of another set of hands, mostly girls, to fold the patterns and envelop them, and it takes something of a librarian's skill to assort and pigeon-hole them. The pattern-rooms are completely lined with boxes, each design having its box and number, and one entire floor is filled from floor to ceiling with large illustrated envelopes for the patterns. The albums of patterns form a library by themselves, for a copy of each design and size made is kept in large folios, numbered for reference. In the basement are bales of patterns and journals waiting for the express. And where are these patterns to go? Over forty agencies in Brooklyn alone, a dozen in each of the large cities, and at least one in every railroad village of the Union, will answer that question. Over a million catalogues and a million copies of the *Journal of Fashions* are also issued half-yearly, the latter furnished to each agent, with his name and advertisement printed on it, as his own paper.

But patterns are not the sole objects of interest in the establishment of Mme. Demorest, of which this brief sketch has been written. A department of peculiar interest includes new adjustments of dress, in which the promotion of health is consulted. In several other things this house must be allowed to excel. The first, its exquisite

health-corsets, of regular make, lend a beautiful outline to the figure; the shoulder-braces, the only manufactured ones ever found which are a real support and improvement to the figure; the stocking-suspender, which needs no sewing-on of buttons or hooks, but, by means of tight clasps, is attached to corset and stockings in an instant. It may be quoted as a sign of the times, that Mme. Demorest's system of dress-cutting is taught as one of the branches in several educational institutes. Dress-charts are usually puzzling things to the uninitiated, and this is the only one which can be comprehended at a glance. It is no wonder that the house is called on to establish agencies in Europe and South America, to supply such valuable and indispensable aids for every woman's toilet and sewing-room. Not only is this the case, but Mme. Demorest, with quiet generosity, has furnished models and teachers free, to instruct classes of girls in many charitable institutions, a step toward furnishing skilled help in a most necessary department of women's work, and one which it is pleasant to record.



## *HOFFMAN HOUSE, AND RESTAURANT.*

The Hoffman House, on Madison Square, a fine marble building, is one of the most elegant in the city. Its beautiful decorations, and its management, are in keeping with its wide reputation. It is fully provided with all modern improvements, fire-extinguishers, watch-clocks, etc. Its restaurant is noted for the excellence of its *cuisine*.

*THE NEW STANDARD AMERICAN BILLIARD-TABLE MANUFACTORY.*

THE above view represents the new building erected for the manufacture of these celebrated Billiard-Tables and the appliances of the game. The tables, and the celebrated combination cushions, are in extensive use all the world over.

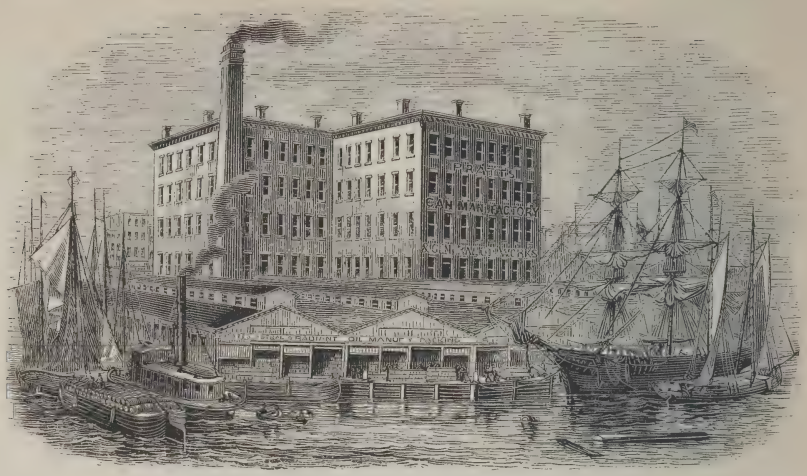
WILLCOX & GIBBS SEWING-MACHINE COMPANY.

THE headquarters of this popular Sewing-Machine Company are at 658 Broadway, corner of Bond Street, where there is always a fine display of machines, with attendants to explain to the visitor their really wonderful capabilities.

The original patent for the Willcox & Gibbs Sewing-Machine was taken out by the inventor, James E. Gibbs, of Millpoint, Va., in June, 1857. The Company have established agencies in all the leading cities of this continent and the Old World. For information as to the peculiar merits of the machine, the reader is referred to the advertising pages of this work.

METHODIST BUILDING.—PACKARD'S BUSINESS COLLEGE.

THIS is a noticeable structure on the corner of Broadway and Eleventh Street, built by Lake & McCreery, as a dry-goods palace, and afterward sold to the Methodist Book Concern, who now own it, and conduct their business therein. Packard's Business College, the representative institution of this kind in America, occupies the entire fourth story, with a constituency of about three hundred students, mostly young men of the city.



*PRATT'S ASTRAL OIL WORKS.*

These valuable and extensive works are located in Williamsburgh, N. Y., and are among the largest of their kind in the United States, occupying in extent 130 city lots (2,500 feet in a lot), or from, say, seven to eight acres, with a water-frontage of a quarter of a mile. The proprietors, Messrs. Charles Pratt & Co., conduct an immense export business in conjunction with a large domestic trade. In these operations the article known as Astral Oil, which has now attained a world-wide reputation, mainly figures.

The oil is conveyed from the railroad terminus in large barges specially constructed for the purpose, each of which contains a large tank holding 1,200 barrels. On its arrival at the dock, it is pumped into tanks through pipes 8 inches in diameter and 450 feet long. There are several of these receiving-tanks, one of which has a capacity of 25,000 barrels.

The Pump-Room is supplied with five large steam-pumps. These pumps combined throw 3,000 barrels an hour.

The Stills.—Of these there are in all nineteen, varying in capacity from 200 to 600 barrels each. The stills convert the oil into vapor, which then passes into a condensing apparatus. This apparatus consists of a huge box, as it were, 80 feet long by 16 wide, and 8 feet in depth, furnished with coiled pipe continuously cooled by running water. From the condenser the distillate passes to the Running-Room, where the progress of the work is noted, the specific gravity determined, and the separations made. From the running-room the distillate is conveyed through pipes to the distillate tanks, of which there are several, of capacity from 500 to 1,000 barrels each. Thence it is pumped to the Agitator, where the oil is bleached by a treatment of 1½ per cent. of sulphuric acid. It then undergoes a washing with a solution of caustic soda, and subsequently ammonia, by which process the acid is neutralized, and after which it is run into the Bleaching and Settling Pans, each of which contains 700 barrels. From these the oil is pumped into another receiving-tank, from which it is again passed to the Packing-House, an immense structure, somewhat remote from the other buildings, and contiguous to the shipping dock. Into this building the oil is carried in pipes, where it is measured out by an ingenious filling apparatus into the cans, the same being filled as rapidly as the workmen can pass them along. Filling and shipping 10,000 of these cans constitute an ordinary day's work. At the time of the writer's visit there were four large vessels at the dock taking cargoes of oil for different European ports, and it is no uncommon thing to see six or eight lying there for the same purpose.

Conspicuous on the premises is a four-story brick building, 100 by 100. This is occupied mainly as a tin-shop and machinery-shop, two floors being required for the former. Some idea may be formed of the work in this department when it is stated that it takes from 75,000 to 100,000 boxes of tin plate and 150 tons of solder annually to supply this shop. Ten thousand five-gallon cans can be made daily, and the time consumed in making a can, filling with oil, packing in wooden case ready for shipment, is less than two minutes, the cost of labor not exceeding two cents.

The Cooperage Department employs from 75 to 100 men making and preparing barrels to receive refined oil, naphtha, benzine, and gasolene, in which products the company do an immense business, making more of a specialty of the lighter products of petroleum than any other house.

The number of employés is between three and four hundred, in conjunction with ten trucks, ten to twelve lighters, and two steam-tugs, in transporting goods to and from the works.

# AMERICAN BRONZES.

## Remarkable Progress of an Important Art-Industry.

## Notes of a Visit to the Workshops of the ARCHER & PANCOAST CO.

THERE is probably no other of our art-industries which makes so gratifying an exhibit to-day as does our manufacture of bronzes. But few of our readers, we are sure, are aware of the extent and importance of it; while many of them, we have no doubt, take it for granted that the large show-rooms of the city, rich in gasaliers, candelabra, and artistic figures, owe all this wealth, or nearly all of it, to foreign manufacturers. Of course, we import bronzes—real and imitation—but only to a very limited extent, as compared with the quantity manufactured at home. Previous to 1860, the bronze manufacture—the most important feature of which is the production of gas-fixtures—was confined mainly to Philadelphia. Since that date, New York has taken the lead in it, and the growth of the manufacture has greatly increased. The development of the zinc-mines of the Lehigh Valley, Pa., and the later discoveries of spelter—as zinc is called in the trade—in New Jersey, Illinois, and Missouri, have made the manufacturers altogether independent of foreign mines, and they now turn out goods with which the foreign manufacturer can no longer successfully compete.

### SCHOOLS OF DESIGN NEEDED.

Until our cities have schools of design for the education of our workmen and their children in the arts of design—day and evening schools—we cannot hope to originate with the same facility and success as do the skilled workmen of France. In the mean time, however rapid our growth in the production of the useful, our production of the artistic must be slow—certainly of as much of it as we can legitimately call our own. We may borrow—and we do liberally—the designs of other nations; and we may build beautifully upon the borrowed thought; but we cannot become truly distinguished in this or any other branch of artistic industry, until we reap the fruits of a liberal State provision for the free education of our people in the arts of design.

### VISIT TO A MANUFACTORY.

The large establishment on Wooster Street, above Broome, known as the ARCHER & PANCOAST CO., has a frontage on Wooster Street of sixty feet, extending back ninety-five feet, and is six stories above the street level. The building was constructed by the Company named, for the purposes of their manufacture exclusively, and is admirably adapted to its requirements. It is thoroughly ventilated and lighted; in every respect, indeed, a model of fitness and cleanliness—its workshops being comfortable places, not holes for workmen to go into with repugnance, and long all day for the hour of dismissal.

This building was raised as late as 1869, when it was constructed with a view to meet even the liberal demands of a growing trade. But, so rapid has been the increase, that they are about to add fifty per cent. additional area to their workshops, by extending the building all the way through to Greene Street.

### THE PROCESS OF MANUFACTURE.

The visitor to the workshop who desires to follow the process of manufacture, from the beginning to the end, must start at the top of the house. Here, as in some of our modern dwellings, the kitchen is nearest the roof; and, in great measure, for the same good reason—that the disagreeable and noxious smells incidental to the business may pass away directly into the atmosphere. So, passing through the large exhibition-room, around which are the offices of salesmen, book-keepers, and so forth, we were introduced to the steam-elevator, and therein hoisted to the sixth story. On a portion of this floor workmen were engaged casting real bronzes. Real bronzes are cast in sand. Imitation bronzes are cast in metal moulds. Bronze proper, the finest—such as is used in the manufacture of expensive gasaliers—is composed of copper and zinc, with sometimes, for special purposes, an alloy of tin. Imitation bronze has for its base pure spelter. But it is not the difference in cost of metal which accounts for the comparative cheapness of the imitation bronze. It is the economy in the cost of labor. Real bronze cannot be cast in moulds other than sand; hence the process is difficult and slow. Zinc is melted readily, and turned into and out of the moulds with great facility.

In this foundery, on the sixth floor, the alloy is made in crucibles or furnaces sunk in the floor, from which the metal is taken and poured into the sand moulds. Here are seen, lying in heaps, the various parts of the gas-fixtures—ornaments, stop-cocks, arms, brackets—the thousand and one configurations which go to make up the various complete objects of the manufacture. On this floor, also, the castings are separated, classed, and in other ways prepared for the after-processes. Here, also, is the chemical room, where the work is cleansed, stained, gilt, and so on, as required. The processes here are very interesting, but we have not space for detailed description.

On the fifth floor the castings pass into the hands of skilled workmen, who bring them to perfect form in the lathe, and by other mechanical appliances—fitting joints, drilling, etc.

On the fourth floor the imitation bronzes are produced, in large quantities. Here, as before described, the workman, from his crucible of molten metal near him, pours the liquid zinc into the metal mould. This, hardening rapidly, the mould is opened and the casting thrown out. The after-processes with the imitation are easy, owing to the ductility of the metal as compared with those with the real bronzes—the removal of the burrs, polishing, fitting, and the like.

On the third floor the various parts are brought together, and fitted by the workmen, and there formed into complete objects, ready for the finishing. This finishing is also done here, or portions of it rather; for, that of the imitation bronzes being accomplished by chemical agency, these goods have to pass through the practical chemist's shop, where the appliances are so perfect, that it is difficult to distinguish between the real and the imitation. On this floor the gilding and varnishing are done, and the laying-on of color—where the objects are for the purpose of mediæval decoration—as the candelabra of churches, lecterns, etc. At the finishing in blue, vermilion, or gold, young women chiefly are employed; and it is but due to those whom we saw at this to say that they did their nice work deftly, and seemed as if they enjoyed the labor.

### THE SHOW-ROOMS.

On the first floor are the show-rooms—the main sample-room, into which the visitor first enters, and in which he is overhung by a wilderness of gasaliers of endless variety of make, and a SPECIAL SHOW-ROOM of candelabras and the like, for churches, in the mediæval style. Many of the objects here are of great beauty, a visit to this room alone repaying the visitor well for the time spent in it. Our attention was also directed to this firm's new patent extension centre-light, for libraries, sitting-rooms, etc., by which one is enabled to draw the centre-light of the chandelier to any given point, where it will remain at the convenience of the persons using it. Truly, a modern convenience. They are of various patterns—some of them very ornate and beautiful. The Company is largely engaged in importing, and, on the tables in the show-rooms, fancy bronzes are seen in great variety, with examples of foreign manufacture. Among the most imposing objects are the large figures used on newel-posts, and in such other portions of dwellings, theatres, concert-halls, etc., where the decorators consider that they best add to the general effect. Here, too, are magnificent crystal gasaliers, which, we were informed, were the manufacture of the famous house, Osler, of Birmingham, England—first in the world in this specialty.

### THE DESIGNER'S DEPARTMENT.

on the second floor, is in charge of a thoroughly competent artist, who has his inspirations there, makes his drawings, and, when complete, sends them to the modelling-room, where they are put in plaster, with nice skill, and prepared for the foundery, where they are turned out in real bronze, and used also to form the matrices in which the imitations are cast.

### THE POWER.

In the basement is an engine of forty horse-power, working as silently as a noiseless sewing-machine. Here also are the storerooms of the metals used in the manufacture, and here the goods are prepared for shipment.

### CONCLUDING ITEMS.

Thus we have run hastily over the seven floors of one of our largest and most important manufactories—too hastily, we fancy, to do more than make our readers curious to know more of processes so interesting than we have been able to tell within the limited space at our disposal. But, if we have interested them enough to make them curious to know more, we have planted the seed from which useful knowledge grows.

This Company makes a specialty of furnishing churches with chandeliers, brackets, etc. We have a long list before us of the churches lately illuminated in mediæval style by them, but we can only refer to them, where they have had opportunity to show the beauty of design and elegant finish of their productions.

The Archer & Pancoast Company originated with Mr. Archer in 1841, in Philadelphia. In 1859 that gentleman came to New York; and, not that we would speak slightingly of the City of Brotherly Love, it is apparent that he did well in leaving it for Gotham. For Gotham is a wonderful place to grow on, and surely this manufacturing house is one of the big trees of it.

# STRANGERS' GUIDE.

By noting the peculiar shape of New York, strangers will be much aided in traveling about the city. New York is situated on a long, narrow island. Broadway, which begins at its lower terminus, at the Battery, runs nearly through the centre lengthwise, and in a straight line, until reaching Fourteenth Street, when it glances off obliquely to the west. Above Fourteenth Street, Fifth Avenue divides the city right and left, and all the streets above this point, crossing the city, are known as West and East. These streets are numbered, beginning at Fifth Avenue. The city runs north and south. The southern extremity is at the Battery. Hence, when walking up-town, or from the lower part of the city, the right hand is east, the left hand west. The cross-streets above Fourteenth Street are of nearly an equal distance apart, and twenty-one squares make a mile.

## CITY RAILROADS.

Bleecker st. and Fulton Ferry.—From W. 14th st., Tenth Av., to Bleecker, through Bleecker, across Broadway to Crosby, thence to the City Hall Park, down Beekman st. to ferry. Returns through Ann st. to Park.

Central Park and North River.—From Central Park, west, through 59th st to Tenth Av., thence by river avenues to Battery and South Ferry.

Central Park and East River.—From Central Park, east, through 59th st., by East River avenues, connecting with all East River ferries, to So. Ferry and Battery.

Dry Dock and East Broadway.—From E. 14th st. to City Hall Park, through eastern avenues and East Broadway.

Grand st., E. R., to Cortlandt st., N. R.—Through Canal, Greenwich st., etc.

Grand st., E. R., to Desbrosses st., N. R. (n. Canal)—through Grand & Vesey sts.

Thirty-fourth st., E. R. (Hunter's Point Ferry), to City Hall Park, through east side avenues.

Thirty-fourth st., E. R., to Chambers st., N. R., through east side avenues, and across town through Prince and Houston sts.

Eighth Av.—From 125th st., through Eighth Av., Hudson, and W. Broadway, to Broadway, at City Hall Park. A branch of this road terminates at Canal st. and Broadway.

Ninth Av.—From W. 54th st. through Ninth Av., Greenwich, to cor. Fulton and Broadway.

Second Av.—From Harlem through Second Av., Bowery, to Peck Slip, E. R. A branch of this road runs from Astoria Ferry, *via* Second Av., to Astor Place, at Broadway. Another branch terminates at Worth st. and Broadway.

Seventh Av. and Broadway.—From Central Park through Seventh Av., Broadway to 14th st., thence Wooster and W. Broadway to Broadway, at City Hall Park. A branch terminates at Broome st. and Broadway.

Seventh Av.—From Central Park through Seventh Av. to Greenwich Av., thence by Washington Park to Thompson, to same terminus as above.

Sixth Av.—From Central Park through Sixth Av. to Canal, W. Broadway, to cor. Vesey st. and Broadway. A branch terminates at Canal st. and Broadway.

Forty-second St.—From the Grand Central Depot, *via* Third Av. and the Bowery, to City Hall Park.

Third Av.—From Harlem through Third Av., Bowery, Chatham st., to City Hall Park.

W. 42d st.—By Tenth Av., 34th st., Broadway, 23d st., Fourth Av., 14th st., etc., to Grand st., E. R.

Twenty-third st.—From 23d st., N. R. (Erie Railway ferry to Jersey City), directly across town to 23d and 34th sts., E. R. (Green Point and Hunter's Point ferries.)

Tenth st.—From Christopher st., N. R. (Hoboken ferry), to foot of 10th st., E. R. (Greenpoint ferry and Harlem steamers), intersecting Broadway and the principal avenues.

Elevated Steam Railway.—From Battery, through Greenwich st. and Ninth Av., to 30th st.

Fourth Av.—From Central Park, *via* Madison Av., Grand Central Depot, Fourth Av., Bowery, and Centre st., to City Hall Park.

Notwithstanding the abuse that is lavished upon them, the New York horse-cars are as well managed as those of any other city. The greatest fault is overcrowding, and that cannot well be avoided, the low rate of fare encouraging people not to walk. On all lines in the city, except the Fourth Avenue and Chambers street, the uniform fare is five cents from the City Hall to Central Park, a distance of four miles. For one, two, or three cents more, the passenger is carried four miles farther, and from the City Hall to Harlem, a distance of eight miles, the fare is only six cents. We may add that the horse-cars of New York transport 350,000 persons daily, and that they employ 5,000 men and 9,000 horses.

## OMNIBUS LINES.

The omnibuses have their starting-points at South Ferry, Wall Street Ferry, and Fulton Ferry. All of them run up Broadway as far as Fourteenth street, and thence proceed to Twenty-third street, Madison Avenue, Fourth Avenue, and Fourteenth street Ferry. The uniform rate of fare is ten cents for each person.

## FERRIES.

The ferries of New York are unsurpassed in America for equipments, smallness of fare, and frequency of trips. Three million five hundred thousand dollars of capital are invested in them, and they afford constant employment to fifteen hundred men and seventy-five boats. Some of the boats are as large as the smaller modern ocean steamships, and have a registered capacity for a thousand tons.

Brooklyn.—Catharine Slip to Main st. Reached by Second Avenue cars.

Brooklyn.—Foot Fulton to Fulton st. Reached by Fifth Avenue stages, and Bleecker st. cars.

Brooklyn.—Foot Wall to Montague st. Reached by Wall st. and Broadway stages.

Brooklyn.—Foot Whitehall to Atlantic st. Reached by a large number of Broadway stages, etc.

Brooklyn (Williamsburgh).—Foot Roosevelt to South 7th st.

Brooklyn (Williamsburgh).—Foot E. Houston to Grand st.

Brooklyn (Williamsburgh).—Foot Grand to Grand st., and to South 7th.

Bull's Ferry and Fort Lee.—Pier 51, N. R.

Greenpoint.—Foot E. 10th and foot E. 23d.

Hamilton Av.—Foot Whitehall to Atlantic Dock.

Harlem.—Piers 18 and 19, E. R., to Harlem Bridge.

Hoboken.—Foot Barclay, N. R.

Hoboken.—Foot Christopher, N. R.

Hunter's Point.—Foot E. 34th to Ferry st.

Hunter's Point.—James Slip, E. R., to Ferry st.

Jersey City.—Foot Cortlandt to Montgomery st. Reached by Grand st. and Belt Line railroads.

Jersey City.—Foot Desbrosses to Exchange Place. Grand st. and Belt Line railroads.

Jersey City.—Foot Liberty st. to Communipaw. (New Jersey Central and Newark and New York depots.)

Jersey City.—Foot 23d st., N. R., and foot Chambers st., to Pavonia Avenue (depot of the Erie Railway).

Staten Island.—Pier at foot Whitehall st. to Tompkinsville. (Stapleton and Vanderbilt's Landing.)

Staten Island.—Pier 19, N. R. Washington Market to New Brighton, Sailor's Snug Harbor, and Port Richmond.

Staten Island.—Foot Whitehall st. to same landings as the latter.

Weehawken.—Foot W. 42d st.

## PLACES OF AMUSEMENT.

Academy of Music, 14th st., corner of Irving Place, a short distance east of Broadway. Accessible by car and omnibus from all parts of the city. Usual entertainment—Italian or English opera.

Booth's Theatre, corner of 23d st. and Sixth av. Broadway and 23d st. stages and Sixth av. cars pass the door. Broadway cars pass within one square to the E., and the Seventh av. cars within one square to the W. Connections can be made with nearly every line of cars in the city by the cross-town line passing the door. Usual entertainment—classical drama.

Bowery Theatre is situated on Bowery, near Canal st. Third and Second av. cars pass the door. A branch of the Bleecker st. line (yellow cars) also pass it. This is the only line that connects it with the W. side. Usual entertainment—popular melodrama.

BRYANT'S MINSTRELS, in 23d st., a few doors W. of Sixth av. Usual entertainment—negro minstrelsy.

COLOSSEUM, at Broadway and 34th st. Accessible by the Broadway and Seventh av., Sixth av., and W. 42d st. cars. Usual entertainment — curiosities of science and art.

FIFTH AVENUE THEATRE, in W. 28th st., a few doors from Broadway. Accessible by same lines of cars as above. Usual entertainment—modern comedies.

GRAND OPERA-HOUSE (formerly known as "Pike's"), at corner 23d st. and Eighth av. Broadway and 23d st. omnibuses and Eighth av. and 23d st. cars pass the door.

GERMANIA THEATRE, in Tammany Hall, 14th st. Usual entertainment—German drama.

LYCEUM THEATRE, 14th st., just W. of Sixth av., and three squares W. of Broadway. Accessible by Sixth av. cars.

METROPOLITAN THEATRE, in Broadway, opposite Metropolitan Hotel. Usual entertainment—varieties.

NIBLO'S THEATRE, on Broadway, between Prince and Houston sts., in rear of Metropolitan Hotel. All the Broadway omnibuses pass the door. Usual entertainment–spectacular and sensational drama.

NEW YORK STADT THEATRE, in Bowery, nearly opposite the Bowery Theatre. Usual entertainment — German opera and drama.

OLYMPIC THEATRE, 622 Broadway, between Houston and Bleecker sts. All the Broadway omnibuses pass the door. Usual entertainment—varieties.

PARK THEATRE, on Broadway, between 21st and 22d sts. Accessible by Broadway cars and omnibuses.

ROMAN HIPPODROME, at 27th st. and Madison Square. Accessible by Fourth av. cars, Madison av. stages, and Broadway cars. Usual entertainment—equestrianism and athletics.

THEATRE COMIQUE, on Broadway, near Grand st. Usual entertainment—varieties.

UNION SQUARE THEATRE, in Union Square, between Broadway and Fourth av. Accessible by all omnibus lines, Fourth av. cars, 42d st. and Grand st. ferry cars, and Broadway and Seventh av. cars. Usual entertainment—modern comedy.

WALLACK'S THEATRE, on Broadway, cor. of 13th st., one square below Union Park. All Broadway omnibuses (except Fifth av.) pass the door; Fourth av. cars are at the rear; Broadway cars one short square to the W. Usual entertainment —standard English and American comedies.

WOOD'S MUSEUM, Broadway, near 30th st. Broadway and 42d st. cars pass the door. It is situated a short square E. of Sixth av. Usual entertainment—popular spectacular or melodrama.

## ART GALLERIES.

Academy of Design, corner of Fourth av. and 23d st.

Goupil's, cor. of 22d st. and Fifth av. Free.

Metropolitan Museum of Art, 128 W. 14th street.

Schaus's, 749 Broadway. Free.

Snedecor's, Broadway, near 10th st. Free.

Somerville's, cor. 14th st. & Fifth av. Free.

## LIBRARIES.

Apprentices', 472 Broadway. Open from 8 A. M. to 9 P. M.

Astor, Lafayette pl., n. Astor pl. (a short square E. of Broadway, between 4th st. and Astor Place). Open daily, except Sundays and holidays, from 9 A. M. to 5 P. M. Free.

City, 12 City Hall.—Open daily, from 10 A. M. to 4 P. M. Free to all persons.

Cooper Union, 7th st. c. Fourth av.—Open from 8 A. M. to 10 P. M.

Library of the American Institute, Cooper Union.—Open daily, from 9 A. M. to 9 P. M.

Mercantile Library Association, Astor pl. —Open from 8 A. M. to 9 P. M. Downtown office, 49 Liberty.

New York Historical Society, Second av. c. E. 11th.—Open from 9 A. M. to 9 P. M.

New York Law Institute, 41 Chambers.—Open from 9 A. M. to 5 P. M.

New York Society, 67 University pl.—Open from 8 A. M. to 6 P. M.

Printers', 3 Chambers.—Open every Saturday evening.

Woman's, 44 Franklin.—Open daily, from 9 A. M. to 4 P. M.

Young Men's Christian Association, 161 Fifth av., Third av. c. E. 122d, 285 Hudson, 69 Ludlow, and 97 Wooster.—Open daily, from 8 A. M. to 10 P. M.

## COLLEGES.

Columbia College, E. 49th st., Fourth av. Theo. Seminary of the Protestant Episcopal Church, W. 20th st., between Ninth and Tenth Avs. Rutgers Female College, 489 Fifth Av., between 41st and 42d sts. St. Francis Xavier, 49 W. 15th st. Union Theo. Seminary, 9 University Place. University, Washington Square, on University Place, corner Clinton Place, two squares W. of Broadway. Bellevue Hospital Med. Col., foot E. 26th st. College of Pharmacy of the City of New York. College of Physicians and Surgeons, E. 23d st., corner Fourth av. Eclectic Medical College, 223 E. 26th st. Hahnemann Acad. of Med., 105 Fourth av. Homœopathic Medical College, 151 E. 20th st. Homœopathic Medical Society, H. M. Smith, Sec., 105 Fourth av. N. Y. Academy of Medicine: meets at E. 23d, cor. Fourth av., 1st and 3d Wednesday of each month. N. Y. College of Dentistry, 25 W. 27th st. N. Y. College of Veterinary Surgeons, 179 Lex. Av. N. Y. Medical College for Women, 102 E. 12th st. N. Y. Pathological Soc., E. 23d, corner Fourth av. University Medical College, Worth near Church.

## HOSPITALS.

Bellevue, ft. E. 26th. Children's Hospital and Nursery, E. 51st, n. Third av. German, Fourth av., c. E. 77th. Mount Sinai, 232 W. 28th. New York, 319 Broadway. New York Eye and Ear Infirmary, 216 Second av. New York Infirmary for Women and Children, 126 Second av. New York Ophthalmic, 387 Fourth av., is open daily from 2 to 3 o'clock. New York Homœopathic Infirmary for Women, W. 48th, c. Sixth av. Seamen's Fund and Retreat (S. I.), 12 Old Slip. St. Luke's, W. 54th, c. Fifth av. St. Vincent's, 195 W. 11th (under the charge of the Sisters of Charity). Ward's Island (office Castle Garden). Women's, E. 50th, c. Fourth av. Roosevelt Hospital, Ninth av., c. 58th st.

## PRINCIPAL CEMETERIES.

Calvary (Roman Catholic), Newtown, L. I. Reached by Flushing Railroad.

Cypress Hills, on Myrtle av. and Jamaica Plank road, five miles from Williamsburgh ferries. Office, 3 Tryon Row.

Greenwood, on Gowanus Heights, Brooklyn. Reached by cars from ferries. Office, 3 Broadway.

Trinity, between W. 153d and 155th sts., and Tenth av. and N. R. Hudson River way-trains stop at 159th st.

Woodlawn, on Harlem Railroad, six miles from Harlem Bridge. Office, 56 E. 26th st.

## PRINCIPAL CHURCHES.

### Baptist.

Calvary, 50 W. 23d; Minister, R. S. McArthur, h. 437 W. 22d st.

Fifth Avenue, W. 46th, n. Fifth av.; Minister, Thomas Armitage, h. 2 W. 46th.

Madison Avenue, c. E. 31st; Minister, Jas. F. Elder, h. 217 E. 72d.

Pilgrim, W. 33d, n. Eighth av.; Minister, J. S. Kennard, h. 302 W. 56th.

South, 235 W. 25th; Minister, C. A. Osborne.

### Congregational.

Church of the Disciples, Madison av., cor. 45th; Minister, George H. Hepworth.

Tabernacle, Sixth av., c. W. 34th; Minister, Wm. M. Taylor, h. 5 W. 35th.

### Dutch Reformed.

Collegiate, Lafayette pl., c. E. 4th; North Dutch, William c. Fulton; Fifth av., c. W. 29th; Collegiate, W. 48th, n. Fifth av.; Ministers, William Ormiston, Jas. M. Ludlow, T. E. Vermilye, and T. W. Chambers.

North Dutch, 102 Fulton st.; Missionary, J. L. McNair.

Madison Avenue, c. 57th; Minister, H. D. Gause, h. 707 Lexington av.

South, Fifth av., c. W. 21st; Minister, E. P. Rogers, h. 42 W. 27th.

Thirty-fourth st., 307 W. 34th; Minister, James Riley, h. 344 W. 32d.

Washington Square, Wash. sq. E. c. Wash. pl.; Minister, Mancius S. Hutton, h. 47 E. 9th.

### Friends.

East Fifteenth, c. Rutherford pl.

Twentieth Street, E. 20th, n. Third av.

Twenty-seventh Street, 43 W. 27th.

### Jewish Synagogues.

Emanuel Temple, c. 43d st. and Fifth av.

Abawath Chesed, c. Lexington av. & 55th.

Anshar Chesed, c. Lexington av. and 63d.

Adereth El, 135 E. 29th.

Beth El, 248 W. 33d.

### Lutheran.

Holy Trinity, W. 21st, n. Sixth av.; Minister, F. Koenig.

Lutheran, Av. B, c. E. 9th; Minister, F. W. Foehlinger.

St. James, 216 E. 15th; Minister, A. C. Wedekind.

St. Luke's, 318 W. 43d; Minister, W. H. Buttner.

### Methodist Episcopal.

St. John's, 231 W. 53d; Parsonage, 214 W. 53d.

Forty-third Street, 253 W. 43d; Parsonage, 249 W. 43d.

John Street, 44 John.

Ladies' Five Points Home Mission, 61 Park.

Rose Hill, 221 E. 27th; Parsonage, 219 E. 27th.

St. Paul's, Fourth av., c. E. 22d; Parsonage, 289 Fourth av.

Second Street, 276 Second; Parsonage, 280 Second.

Free Tabernacle, 248 W. 34th; Parsonage, 263 W. 34th.

Twenty-fourth Street, 359 W. 24th.

Washington Square, 137 W. 4th; Parsonage, 80 Macdougal.

St. James, Madison av., c. 126th; Minister, C. D. Foss.

### Presbyterian.

Brick, Fifth av., c. W. 37th; Minister, Jas. O. Murray, h. 286 Lexington av.

Church of the Covenant, Fourth av., c. E. 35th; Minister, M. R. Vincent.

Fifth Avenue, c. E. 19th; Minister, John Hall, h. 30 E. 18th.

First, Fifth av., c. W. 11th; Minister, W. M. Paxton, h. 49 W. 11th.

Fortieth Street, E. 40th, n. Lexington av.; Minister, George Chambers, h. 114 W. 38th.

Fourth Avenue, 286 Fourth av.; Minister, Howard Crosby, h. 306 Second av.

Rutgers, Madison av., c. E. 29th; Minister, N. W. Conkling, h. 112 E. 31st.

Twenty-third Street, 210 W. 23d; Minister, H. D. Northrup.

University Place, c. 10th; Minister, Robert R. Booth.
Presbyterian Memorial, Madison av., c. 53d; Minister, C. S. Robinson, h. 57 E. 54th.
New York, 167 W. 11th; Minister, W. W. Page, h. 165 W. 11th.
North, Ninth av., c. W. 31st; Minister, S. B. Rossiter, h. 354 W. 32d.
Philips, Madison av., c. 73d; Minister, S. W. Alexander, h. 153 E. 78th.
Puritans, 130th st., n. Fifth av.; Minister, E. N. Clark, h. 29 W. 130th.

**Protestant Episcopal.**

Rt. Rev. Horatio Potter, Bishop, h. 38 E. 22d.
Annunciation, 142 W. 14th; Rector, W. J. Seabury, h. W. 20th, n. 9th.
Ascension, Fifth av., c. W. 10th; Rector, John Cotton Smith, h. 7 W. 10th.
Calvary, Fourth av., c. E. 21st; Rector, E. A. Washburn, h. 103 E. 21st.
Christ, Fifth av., c. E. 35th; Rector, H. M. Thompson.
Grace, 800 Broadway, Rector, H. C. Potter.
Holy Trinity, Madison av., c. E. 42d; Rector, S. H. Tyng, Jr., h. next church.
St. Alban's, Lexington av., c. E. 47th; Rector, C. W. Morrill.
St. Ann's, 7 W. 18th; Rector, Thos. Gallaudet, h. 9 W. 18th.
St. George's, Rutherford pl., c. E. 16th; Rector, Stephen H. Tyng, h. 209 E. 16th.
St. John's, 46 Varick; S. H. Weston, h. 409 W. 23d.
St. Luke's, 483 Hudson; Rector, Isaac H. Tuttle, h. 477 Hudson.
St. Mark's, Stuyvesant, n. Second av.; Rector, J. H. Rylance, h. 11 Livingston Place.
St. Paul's, Broadway, c. Vesey; Minister, B. I. Haight, office 7 Church, h. 56 W. 26th.
St. Thomas's, Fifth av., c. W. 53d; Rector, W. F. Morgan, h. 28 W. 39th.
Trinity, Broadway, c. Rector; and the Chapels of St. Paul's, St. John's, and Trinity Chapel; Rector, Morgan Dix, h. 50 Varick.
Trinity Chapel, 15 W. 25th; Assistant Minister, C. E. Swope, h. 23 E. 24th.

**Roman Catholic.**

St. Ann's, 149 8th; Priest, T. S. Preston, h. 145 8th.
St. Francis Xavier, 36 W. 16th; Priest. D. Merrick.
St. Patrick's, Cathedral, Mott, c. Prince; Most Rev. John McCloskey, Archbishop; Very Rev. P. F. McSweeney, Vicar-General; T. S. Preston, Chancellor; F. McNeirny, Sec.; P. F. McSweeny, J. H. McGean, and J. Kearney, Priests, h. 263 Mulberry.
St. Peter's, Barclay, c. Church; Priest, M. J. O'Farrell.
St. Stephen's, 149 E. 28th; Priest, E. McGlynn, h. 142 E. 20th.

**Unitarian.**

All Souls, Fourth av., c. E. 20th; Minister, H. W. Bellows, h. next church.
Messiah, E. 34th, c. Park av.
Third, W. 40th, n. Sixth av.; Minister, O. B. Frothingham, h. 50 W. 36th.

**Universalist.**

Third, 206 Bleecker; Minister, E. T. Sweetzer, h. 12 W. Washington Place.
Fourth, Fifth av., c. W. 45th; Minister, E. H. Chapin, h. 14 E. 33d.
Our Saviour, W. 57th, n. Eighth av.; Minister, Jas. M. Pullman, h. 398 Ninth av.

## SUBURBS.

Central Park, which extends from 59th to 125th street, and lies between Fifth and Eighth Avenues, may be reached by the Broadway, Seventh Avenue, Sixth Avenue, and Eighth Avenue lines of cars. These all run direct to the Park. The Third Avenue cars run two squares east of the Park.
Jerome Park, by Harlem R. R. cars to Fordham.
Coney Island, by steamer, and also by cars connecting with Brooklyn ferries.
Long Branch, by steamer.
Canarsie, and Rockaway, by ferry to Brooklyn, cars to East New York, and steamer at Canarsie Bay.
High Bridge, by Harlem steamers, or Harlem cars, thence by small steamers up Harlem River.
Hoboken, by Hoboken ferries. See Ferries.
Weehawken, by Hoboken ferries, thence by cars; or by Weehawken ferry, foot of 42d street.
West Point, *via* Yonkers and Tarrytown, by Albany day-boats, leaving Pier 39, N. R., at 8.30 a. m., and arriving in the city again at 6 p. m.
Staten Island, by ferry at Battery, and at Pier 19, N. R.